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NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY

Devoted To

Far West Life



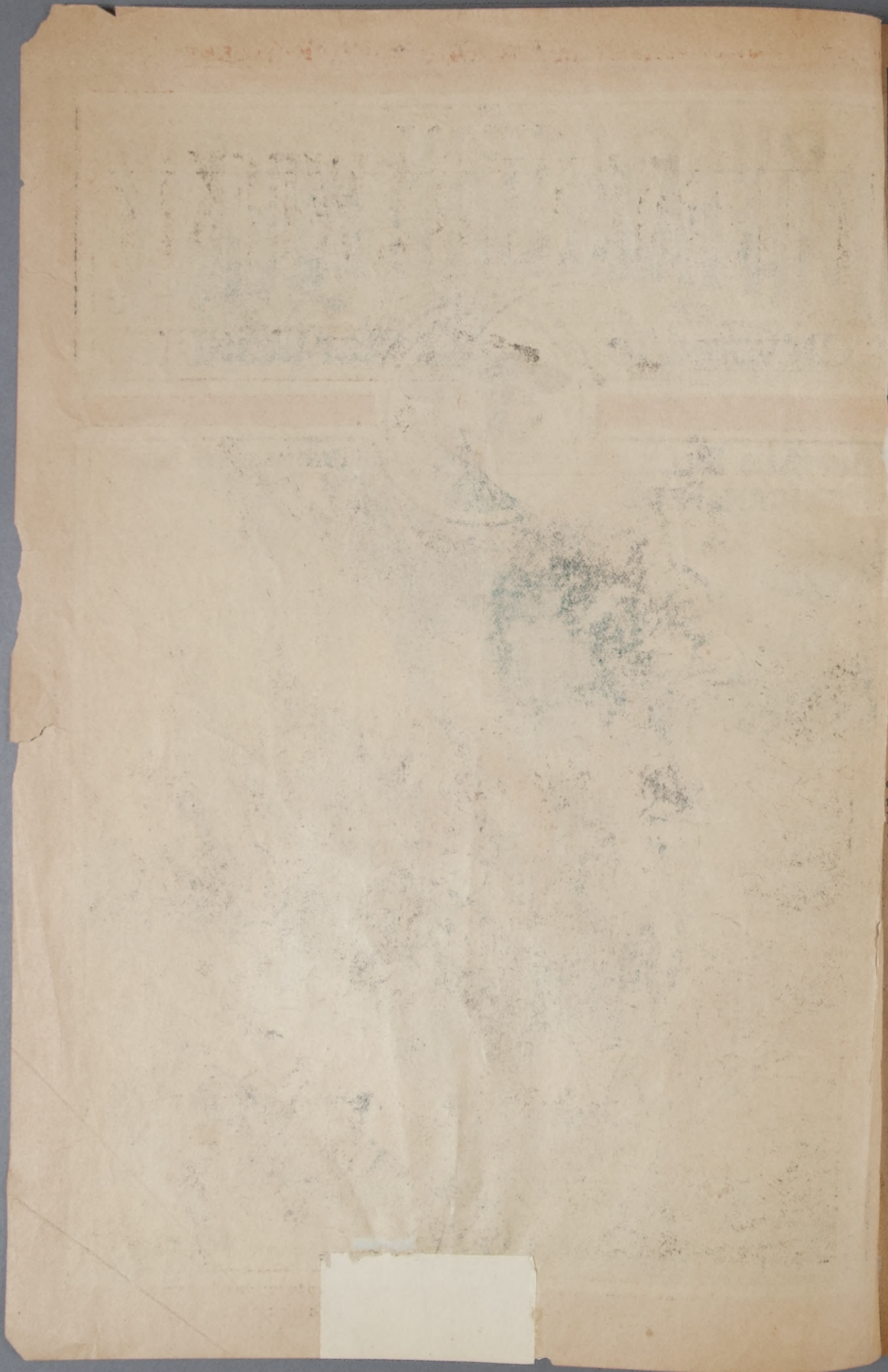
**BUFFALO BILL'S
MEXICAN FEUD**

OR **PAWNEE BILL AND
THE DIAMOND HUNT**

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"BUFFALO BILL"



Buffalo Bill, with Juanita clasped in his arms, rode his steed straight at the Indian, and hurled him to the ground.



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Price Five Cents.

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Or, PAWNEE BILL AND THE DIAMOND HUNT.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

THE HARD-FIGHTING TEXAN RANGERS.

On a summer evening about twenty years ago, in the earlier days of the famous Texas Rangers' service, two men sat on the vine-covered piazza of the commandant's house at a little fort near the American bank of the Rio Grande, the river which separates Texas from Mexico.

They were smoking their cigars after dinner, and looking out over the river at the adobe huts of a Mexican village on the other side.

One of the two men—the host—was Harvey Brett, a captain in the Texas Rangers, the frontier corps which kept the peace of the border and had many thrilling adventures putting down bandits and cattle thieves. The other, Brett's guest, was the famous Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," the king of scouts, the hero of a thousand desperate fights.

"I'm tired of doing nothing," said the border king to his host, as he rose from his chair and paced restlessly up and down the piazza. "Here have I been roaming around Texas for over a month, and not a bit of life or excitement have I found. Things were never so dull since I first handled a gun."

"Well, if you're hunting for trouble, Cody," remarked his friend, "I can guarantee to supply you with all you want right near here. I can get you under fire before the end of a fortnight, if you wish. And you will be doing good work, too."

Buffalo Bill turned eagerly to the sun-tanned, stern-featured soldier, and asked him for particulars.

"I don't think you know much about the life along

the Mexican border and just over in Mexico, do you?" asked Captain Brett.

"No, I don't," the border king replied. "My experience has been mostly out in the Western States. I have made two or three expeditions into Mexico, but I can't say I know the life of this border as you, for instance, must know it."

"Well, this is a section where there is always trouble," the captain went on. "A week ago last night, shortly before you arrived, I was in a desperate fight, in which several men were killed. In the last two years I've taken part in at least a hundred fights in which men were slain, and often many men at that."

"There's a kind of a three-cornered fight that goes on along the Rio Grande all the time. The Mexican rurales, or regular troops, form one corner; the cattle thieves, smugglers, and frontier desperadoes form the second, and we rangers form the third."

"It must be exciting work," said Buffalo Bill, gazing at the speaker enviously, although, in truth, even more desperate adventures fell constantly to his own lot.

"Yes, it certainly is," said the ranger captain. "Sometimes we cross the border and help the Mexicans; sometimes the Mexicans come over into American territory and take a hand in corralling some particularly desperate band of cattle raiders. But usually we do our own fighting and the Mexicans theirs, each of us on our own side of the Rio Grande."

"The cattle raiders and smugglers are just as regularly organized as we are, and they also fight according to military tactics."

"Most of their leaders have held commissions in regular armies, and they teach their men to put up a pretty stiff scrap.

"They come across the Rio Grande, sometimes a hundred strong, round in a herd of cattle from the ranges, and before dawn they are back again in Mexican territory.

"Often we run into them, but their horses, or Indian ponies, are usually fresher than ours, and they get away, unless we can corner them. Then they fight as men of their caliber always fight—desperately, like wild beasts.

"Formerly, when we did capture some of them, their organization would hire sharp lawyers to defend them in the civil courts, and they usually got off for lack of evidence, although we knew very well that they were murderers and outlaws of the worst character. This became so much the regular thing that we got discouraged.

"But one day the word was passed down from headquarters that, instead of holding future captives, we should turn them over at the nearest Mexican post. Mexican law is best for cattle thieves.

"Not long after this I got information of a band that would cross the river that night at a certain ford, and I got my men ready.

"After dark we rode down to the ford and laid low. At about eleven o'clock we saw the raiders, fifty strong, crossing the shallows.

"We gave them time to cross, then dashed down along the bank, cutting off their retreat to Mexican territory and the mountains.

"It was a stiff scrap, but we outnumbered the raiders, and they scattered, leaving twenty dead. Next day we captured ten more, but the rest got away.

"Remembering orders, I didn't turn these men over to our authorities. Instead, I camped my men out till night, and then we crossed over into Mexico and made for the nearest Mexican post, a small place called Argentina, not far from Ciudad Juarez, but far enough to prevent interference from the civil authorities.

"At two o'clock in the morning we reached the post, and the commandant came out in his pajamas to receive us.

"*Que quieren, señores?*"—What can I do for you, gentlemen?—he said.

"Horse thieves," I answered.

"I saw the commandant grin. He had my men shown to their sleeping quarters, and he shared his bed with me.

"Before daybreak he called me.

"If you want to show your men an execution," he said, "line them up in the plaza."

"Aren't you going to try them?" I asked.

"Afterward," he said laconically.

"I lined my men up with the Mexican garrison in the plaza. The ten prisoners, most of them half-breed Indians and Mexicans, were lined up against an adobe wall, and I must say they died like men. Some were only wounded, but the rurales ended their troubles quickly. That band of cattle thieves never bothered the ranchers on our side again.

"A few weeks later we ran into another band, but they got away, all except five of them, whom we cut off from the river.

"Those five retreated to a small village, cleared out all the inhabitants, took possession of the adobe council hall, and prepared to stand us off.

"We knew they had heard of the previous scrap, we

knew they realized that they would be given no quarter, so we expected them to fight till the last.

"Excited by the skirmish, my men, numbering fifty, galloped up to within range of the raiders' guns, and before I could get them off to a safe distance, five dropped out of their saddles.

"Finally we scattered about among the houses and kept up a steady fire. Afterward, when we examined the adobe walls of the council hall, we found hardly a brick in it that did not contain a bullet.

"At last we circled about the house on our horses, and in that way dropped three of the desperadoes. Just before dawn the other two made a break to get away, but we saw them.

"We tried to get them to surrender, but they fought on until my men killed them both.

"Once we had news from our friend, the Mexican commandant, that he had cornered over a hundred raiders in a ravine, and he asked us to come over to help him 'smoke them out.'

"It didn't take us long to get over, and we found two companies of rurales stretched in firing line across the mouth of the cañon, while the raiders, intrenched behind rocks, were dropping the Mexicans by twos and threes.

"We came just in time to prevent a stampede of the commandant's troops. Then we charged the raiders and killed seventy of them. The commandant took no prisoners. But forty Mexicans and five of my men were killed. Considering the numbers engaged, that was as bloody a battle as you will find in modern times."

"Are cattle thieves the only people you fight?" asked Buffalo Bill.

"Officially, yes, not counting an occasional brush with smugglers," the captain replied, "but nearly all of us have fought for Mexico.

"Almost every year the Yaquis let out their exuberant spirits by rising against the Mexican government.

"The Yaquis are not wild Indians, merely—at least, they don't fight that way. Among them are white adventurers, who drill them according to modern tactics; and one Yaqui has more fighting spirit than ten average Mexican soldiers.

"Whenever these risings take place there is a marked increase in our furlough list. Several years ago, at the time when the Yaquis punished the Mexicans most severely, my turn came.

"I went on a three months' furlough, and three days later I was wearing the shoulder straps of a Mexican captain, and commanding a squadron of cavalry.

"It wasn't necessary, but I did take my men up to the border near my own post, and the boys were kind enough to loan me two small fieldpieces and a Maxim. Then we lit out for the Yaqui country.

"We joined a brigade under General Rosales and pushed right up in the mountains. Next day our lines of communication with the nearest post were cut.

"The scouts sent out to reconnoiter never returned. We were entirely surrounded by two thousand Yaquis. Next morning they closed in, but we were well intrenched behind rocks on a high rise of ground.

"It looked very much as if the Yaquis were going to dislodge us, when suddenly I thought of the Maxim we had borrowed from the boys at the post. It wasn't on the regular list of our ordnance supplies, and so had slipped my mind temporarily.

"Well, we got out that small Maxim and let it loose on those Indians, and that turned the tide of battle. It was like turning on a hose of fire.

"The ranks of advancing Yaquis simply withered and shriveled up. Those who didn't tumble among the rocks turned and ran, and we never saw or heard of them again.

"And that's the way a Yankee gun gained a Mexican battle. A month later the rebellion was over, and I returned to my post with the Maxim and a commission of lieutenant colonel in the Mexican army, but I prefer being a captain in the ranger service—there's more real fighting in it."

"Bully! That's the kind of work I would like," exclaimed Buffalo Bill, when the ranger captain had finished his story.

"Things have been comparatively quiet lately, however," the soldier went on. "Except for that fight a week ago, of which I told you, there has been nothing doing.

"We cleaned up the last gang of cattle thieves who had been troubling us then, and there's nobody in sight to fight on this side of the border just at present.

"No doubt other gangs will be organized sooner or later, but you might wait at the fort for a month without anything to do except stare across the river at the adobe huts yonder."

Buffalo Bill looked blank at this prospect, but the soldier went on:

"However, there is a job which you might take in hand on the other side of the border, and I think that it would be quite in your line.

"Have you heard of the Bandits of Sonora? No? Well, they are by far the most desperate and criminal gang of outlaws with which Mexico has been cursed for many years, and the rurales seem quite unable to capture them or put a stop to their nefarious practices.

"The number of the band varies from about a hundred to a hundred and fifty; it seems to be never less than one hundred. It is composed of half-breed Indians, Mexicans, deserters from the rurales, and many cattle thieves and smugglers who have been driven across the border by our rangers.

"As you may imagine, they are a desperate, blood-thirsty gang; and they have absolutely terrorized the whole of the Mexican State of Sonora, in which they operate. It is said that they are in alliance with the uncivilized Indians in that State, which, of course, makes them all the more formidable."

"This sounds interesting," said Buffalo Bill. "Have you ever had the chance to try conclusions with the Bandits of Sonora?"

"No, they have only become notorious lately, and I have had strict orders for some time to keep around the fort as much as possible and not cross over the Mexican border unless obliged to do so in pursuit of a gang.

"But I can put you in the way of getting on their trail, if you wish. I will give you a letter to the commandant of the Mexican post at Argentina, the man to whom I delivered over the raiders, as I told you.

"He will be glad to have your help, no doubt, for the fame of your deeds has penetrated even into Mexico. I remember once he spoke of you to me, and said he would give anything to have scouts like yourself and

Hickok to help him in his difficult task of keeping order in his most lawless country."

The border king modestly deprecated the compliment, but expressed his pleasure at the proposition.

Next morning he bade farewell to his friend, the captain, crossed the Rio Grande, and rode toward Argentina, with a letter of introduction to the Mexican commandant tucked away in his belt.

CHAPTER II.

BUFFALO BILL SHOWS HIS SKILL.

The border king had only ridden about three miles when he came to a small village of wretched adobe huts, inhabited by a number of low-class Mexicans.

Outside the *posada*, or village inn, about twenty rough-looking characters, most of them half-breeds, were assembled. As Buffalo Bill saw them, he instinctively dropped his hand to his belt and gripped the hilt of one of his six-shooters, ready to draw it as quick as a flash if he were interfered with.

"Halt!" cried one of the Mexicans, as Buffalo Bill's mustang drew opposite the *posada*.

The border king drew rein, pulled out his revolver, and turned haughtily to the speaker.

"By what authority do you dare to call upon me to stop?" he demanded sternly, for he did not like the looks of the Mexican.

The latter was a perfect giant in stature, standing several inches over six feet. He was broad in proportion, and his gigantic frame showed almost perfect muscular development and immense strength.

But his face was stamped with the marks of many evil passions; it was criminal, cunning, and ferocious; and its appearance was not improved by a livid scar which ran down the left cheek from the forehead almost to the chin. This scar gave the man a peculiarly sinister and evil look.

At Buffalo Bill's stern reply and fiery glance, the Mexican fell back a pace and put his hand on the revolver in his belt. Then, glancing around to see that his comrades were ready to support him, he said:

"We need that horse of yours, and those guns. You had better hand them over quietly, señor, if you want to escape trouble. We are desperate men, and would as soon shoot you as not."

"We'll begin the shooting right now, if you like," said Buffalo Bill, as he drew his other revolver and leveled both his weapons—one at the head of the spokesman of the gang, the other at a Mexican standing next to him.

A woman ran out of the *posada* at this moment and rushed between the men.

"For the love of Heaven and all the blessed saints, do not shoot, señor!" she implored. "Better give up your weapons. These are desperate men, and you have no chance against them. Unless you surrender, you will surely die."

"*Caramba!* but you are always interfering, Juanita," growled the man with the scar, who was evidently the leader of the gang. "Go back, girl! If you trouble us again I will find means to make you regret it."

At this stern command the woman drooped her head and returned to the *posada*, turning around, before she passed through the door, to flash an imploring glance at Buffalo Bill.

The knight of the plains saw that she was a young woman, about eighteen years of age, with the bright, dark eyes, raven tresses, and lustrous beauty of the Spanish maiden. He resolved in an instant that for her sake he would get away without a fight, if it were possible to do so.

His quick eye noticed an orange tree about ten paces distant from the leader of the gang. At the very end of its lowest limb there hung a large green orange.

"Look!" he cried to the gang, and he aimed his revolver at the orange.

Three reports followed in such rapid succession that they seemed to be one sound.

The first bullet cut the orange from the tree, and the second and third bored holes through it as it fell to the ground.

"Caramba!"

"Diavolo!"

"Sanctissima Maria! It is the work of the devil!"

These exclamations burst from the Mexicans, as one of their number ran forward, picked up the orange, and pointed excitedly to the two holes bored clean through it.

"Now, señores, there are three more bullets here, and six more in this other revolver," said Buffalo Bill. "You have seen that I can shoot straight and quick. Am I to proceed quietly, or must I force my way? I can't let you have my guns, but you may have the bullets in them if you wish."

"Let him go on his way, in the devil's name!" growled one of the men, and his companions made haste to back up the proposal.

The man with the scar seemed disinclined to agree, but he saw that he could look for no support from the others in a fight, so at last he said, with a frightful Spanish oath:

"Go your way now, but beware how you cross my path again."

The border king laughed scornfully at the bully, waved his sombrero toward the *posada*, where he caught a glimpse of the girl, Juanita, watching him through the green shutters, and then rode on his way—apparently heedless whether the ruffians with whom he had quarreled put a bullet in his back or not.

But he had taken their measure pretty thoroughly, and he knew very well that nothing daunts men of their type so much as the display of cool, confident courage. They were afraid to attack him when they saw how cheaply he held them.

Two or three of the men fingered their guns hesitatingly when they saw what a fine mark his back presented as he rode away. But not one of them dared to shoot. They all feared to miss, and to have this terrible man turn upon them and exact a fearful vengeance.

Fifty yards away Buffalo Bill came to a bend in the road which hid the *posada* from his sight. He turned in his saddle before he passed round it, and saw the ruffianly Mexicans staring after him, still undecided what to do. He also caught a glimpse of a slender, white hand extended from the half-open green shutters, waving a silken scarf.

He took off his sombrero, bowed gallantly, and then turned the corner and disappeared from the sight of his adversaries and his newly made friend.

"Juanita! It is a pretty name, and she is a very pretty girl," he said to himself, as he rode on his way. "I

must find out more about her after I have seen the commandant. Perhaps I may be able to save her from the tyranny of that brute who ordered her into the inn so roughly. Can he be her father? Surely not. They are too unlike in every way. There is a mystery somewhere, and I must try to solve it."

CHAPTER III.

MAJOR BALTHAZAR'S LOST QUARRY.

When Buffalo Bill arrived at the military post of Argentina, he found that all was bustle and commotion there. Orderlies were running to and fro, bugles were sounding, troopers were hastily saddling their horses, and preparations were evidently being made for the sudden dispatch of an expedition.

"Alta! qui viva?"

The challenge rang sharply out as the border king approached the thick adobe wall which inclosed the fort, and strength was lent to it by the leveled rifles of two sentries. Evidently a sharp watch was kept at the fort, and the Mexicans were inclined to regard everybody with suspicion.

"Amigo! Americano!" Buffalo Bill shouted in reply.

After the sentries had taken a good look at him and apparently satisfied themselves of his friendly intentions, the gate of the fort was flung open and he was invited to enter.

Several of the soldiers immediately gathered around him, clamoring to know who he was and what business had brought him to the fort. They were a ragged and apparently ill-disciplined crew, some of them barefooted and others wearing rough canvas sandals. They all wore some pretense of uniform, but in most cases it was so tattered as to be hardly recognizable as such.

Nevertheless, the men looked as if they could march and fight as well as any troopers. Most of them had a large proportion of Indian blood in their veins, and they had all been inured to hardships from infancy.

Buffalo Bill told them that he was a colonel in the American service, at which they drew back, evidently much impressed, and saluted him respectfully. Then he demanded to be taken to the commandant.

He found that officer in his quarters, busily engaged in oiling and loading a brace of big army revolvers.

Señor Don Jose Balthazar, as the commandant was called, looked up from his task and greeted his American visitor with the grave courtesy inseparable from all well-born, well-bred Spaniards.

Buffalo Bill returned his profound bow with one equally magnificent, apologized for intruding on what was evidently a very busy time, and presented his letter of introduction from the captain of the rangers.

"Ah! the delightful Señor Brett!" exclaimed the Mexican, as his eyes fell upon the handwriting. "He is indeed a great friend of mine. Many a time have we hunted cattle thieves together, and many delightful evenings have we spent round the camp fire after we have shot them or hung them. I wish that he were here now," he added thoughtfully, rather to himself than to Buffalo Bill.

Then he read the letter, and a look of mingled amazement and delight came over his face as he mastered the contents.

Captain Brett had not hesitated to paint Buffalo Bill's achievements in the most glowing colors and to tell

Balthazar that he would be very fortunate if he could secure the help of so famous a scout to hunt down the Bandits of Sonora.

"Colonel Cody, as you may be aware, is the greatest scout in all the Western States of America," the letter said.

"There is no man who has so many glorious achievements to his credit, in the way of fighting Indians and breaking up gangs of outlaws. There is no frontiersman who is more highly honored by the American government, the American army, and the American people."

Balthazar had heard much about Buffalo Bill's brave deeds from the American officers whom he had met, and he was delighted beyond measure at securing such a recruit.

To his intense surprise, Buffalo Bill suddenly felt himself clasped in the arms of the excitable Mexican, and before he could offer any resistance, Balthazar was caressing and kissing him after the fashion of his excitable race.

Buffalo Bill did not wish to give offense to the well-meaning commandant, but he promptly disengaged himself as soon as he could do so. He clasped the Mexican by the hand, and gave him a hearty American handshake, and thus was cemented a friendship which lasted through desperate and trying adventures.

"It is indeed a happiness to me to welcome the illustrious Colonel Cody, whose famous deeds resound throughout the earth," said the Mexican, adopting the florid and extravagantly complimentary term of speech so common among his people. "If the number of my men had been doubled it would not have been so great a reinforcement."

"Nonsense, señor," said Buffalo Bill, not to be outdone in the art of compliment. "I came because I wanted some excitement, not because I could give you any particularly valuable help. I have not the slightest doubt that such a brilliant and successful commander as yourself could get on just as well without me. But, tell me, have you any late news of these Bandits of Sonora? You seem to be very busy just now. Is there an expedition afoot?"

"One of our scouts has just ridden in and reported that he saw about a score of the bandits ride into the village of Alta Gracia, near here, where they dismounted at the *posada*. We are going to ride out and see if we can catch them. It is a good chance, but they are more wily and slippery than snakes. In all probability they will get away again, as they have got away a hundred times before."

Buffalo Bill thought that this was a poor spirit with which to take the trail, and he did not wonder that the rurales had hitherto proved unsuccessful. His long experience as a scout had taught him that, unless a man felt confident he would win, he was pretty sure to be beaten.

But he said nothing of these thoughts to the commandant. He merely remarked:

"Is there a man among the bandits who stands about six feet five inches in height, who is very broad and muscular, and who has a long scar on his left cheek?"

"Yes, that is the leader of the band," exclaimed Balthazar excitedly. "He is the worst rascal, unhung, in all Mexico. There are at least a dozen murders to his account, besides cattle thefts, smuggling, and many other crimes."

"The government has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for him, but all our efforts to catch him have proved fruitless. Again and again we have thought that we had him; but he has always slipped through our hands like an eel. His name is Isidro Morales, and the country people call him Red Isidro because of his blood-thirsty nature."

"It is said that whenever he kills a man, that terrible scar on his cheek grows blood red and stands out as vividly as a streak of crimson paint. I do not know if this be true, but so the *peons* say, and they believe it is because Red Isidro is in league with the Evil One himself."

Buffalo Bill told the Mexican of his adventure with the scarred man and his companions at the village.

"Ah! what a pity you did not shoot him, señor!" exclaimed Balthazar.

"Probably his friends would have shot me," Buffalo Bill replied dryly.

"I believe you would have beaten them all," said the Mexican, in simple faith, for he was a hero worshiper by nature, and he had already conceived an overpowering respect for the prowess of his guest and new recruit.

At this moment a trooper entered the room, saluted the commandant, and declared that the men were ready to start.

The cavalcade numbered close on a hundred men, all well armed with Remington rifles, revolvers, and the heavy Mexican machete, or cutlass. Balthazar, whose rank in his own army was that of major, rode at the head of the column, with Buffalo Bill by his side.

As they drew near the village of Alta Gracia, where the border king had met the gang of ruffians, he suggested that they had better deploy the troops all round it in a circle and endeavor to surround the bandits before they were observed—presuming that Red Isidro and his men had not already ridden away.

"I think that would be wasting valuable time, my dear colonel," replied Major Balthazar. "We will ride straight into the village and catch them while they are drinking at the *posada*. There is a turn in the road which will hide us until we are almost upon them."

Buffalo Bill said nothing further. After all, it was the other man's expedition, and Balthazar must learn by experience the folly of his plan.

The head of the column turned into a long, white stretch of level road, which led up to the bend from which Buffalo Bill had last seen Juanita. That spot was about a mile distant, and they saw immediately that a mounted sentry had been posted there, evidently to watch for their arrival.

The moment he caught sight of them, the watcher discharged his rifle twice into the air, and then waved his sombrero defiantly and disappeared at full gallop round the curve of the road.

"*Caramba!*" cried Balthazar, almost beside himself with disappointment and mortification. "He has warned them, and they will escape. We shall never catch them now."

"Let us try, anyway," said Buffalo Bill, and he shook out the reins of his swift mustang, which bounded forward along the level road like an arrow from the bow.

The Mexicans thundered behind him, even Balthazar plucking up hope and riding as if a herd of wild buffaloes were at his heels.

They soon gained the village, but only to see the bandits, twenty-five in number, riding in the distance over the prairie, nearly two miles away.

The villagers, who had been plundered and terrorized by the bandits, ran up eagerly to meet the soldiers, hailing them as their deliverers.

Buffalo Bill was about to ride ahead in pursuit of the outlaws, when he saw a sight which made him rein up his horse sharply in sheer amazement and indignation.

Two of the villagers, half-breed Indians, came out of the *posada*, dragging Juanita by the wrists.

"Here is the witch who is in league with the bandits, Señor Commandant!" they cried, flinging her heavily to the ground, almost underneath the heels of Balthazar's horse.

Buffalo Bill's revolver cracked twice in rapid succession. Both of the half-breeds howled with pain and wrung their hands, from which blood flowed freely. The king of the scouts had sent a bullet through the right hand of each of them, to teach them never again to lay rough hands upon a woman.

Before the smoke of the revolver had floated away, Buffalo Bill had dismounted from his horse and raised Juanita from the ground.

She was in a half-fainting condition, but he supported her with his left arm, while, with a glistening revolver in his right hand, he held back the angry mob of soldiers and villagers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAZARUNI CHIEFTAINNESS.

In another moment a fight to the death might have begun had not Major Balthazar spurred his horse in front of Buffalo Bill and sharply ordered his rurales to fall back and to disperse the threatening crowd.

"But the Señor Americano has shot two of our countrymen," remonstrated a sergeant. "And for what cause? Simply because they dragged this white witch and traitress before you. He should be punished, and so should she. *Caramba!* But we will punish them ourselves if you will not do so, Señor Commandant!"

"You mutinous dog, I will teach you that I command here!" yelled Balthazar, and he drew his sword and struck the man heavily over the head with the flat of the blade.

The sergeant fell to the ground like a log and lay there, with blood flowing profusely from his forehead.

"Is there any other mutineer here?" cried the fiery major, fearlessly facing the crowd; but nobody answered him. The other Mexicans had been thoroughly cowed, but it was plain that they disapproved strongly of the course events were taking.

Balthazar dismounted from his horse, turned to Buffalo Bill, and helped him to lead the girl into the *posada*, after ordering half of his men to pursue the bandits.

"You did well, Señor Cody, to punish those dogs who ill treat a woman," he said to Buffalo Bill, "but I must take her prisoner, nevertheless. Am I not right in supposing, señorita, that you are the famous Juanita Caceres, the chieftainess of the Mazaruni Indians?" he added, turning to the girl.

Juanita, who had up to this time maintained a shy and embarrassed silence, answered:

"I am she who was once the queen of the Mazarunis, but I quarreled with the tribe and left them because they

tortured some Mexican prisoners and insisted on allying themselves with the merciless Bandits of Sonora.

"I was trying to escape to Ciudad Juarez to give myself up to the Mexican authorities, when Red Isidro and some of his band caught me and brought me here. Red Isidro wanted to marry me, because he thought that would strengthen his hold over the Indians. They still have a great affection for me, although I have left them. But Isidro had to flee so quickly, when the scout reported your approach, that he forgot all about me.

"I hid in the *posada*, intending to give myself up to you as a prisoner, but the villagers seized me and dragged me outside. The cowards! They trembled like curs before Red Isidro and his men, but they were brave enough to fight a weak woman."

"This is a capture far more important than even that of Red Isidro himself would be," said Balthazar to Buffalo Bill. "The Señorita Juanita has given my government more trouble, I suppose, than anybody else has done. She was brought up among the Mazaruni Indians, and they regarded her as a divinely gifted chieftainess.

"She inspired their long and fierce fight against our troops; she has kept up guerrilla warfare in the mountains, swamps, and jungles for several years. You must have been quite a young girl when you first went on the warpath with your braves, señorita?"

"Yes, I was thirteen years old," she replied, "and the tribe has been fighting the Mexicans, more or less, ever since then."

"I had no idea that you were so young or so beautiful, though I have seen the pictures which the government sent round to all its officers, with orders for your capture at any cost. Well, I must take you prisoner, although I am loath to do so. Will you give me your word of honor not to escape, so that I can let you go about as you please, unguarded?"

The girl gave the required promise.

"What will happen to her?" Buffalo Bill asked. "If the government is likely to imprison or punish her in any way, I warn you I shall do my best to rescue her and take her over the border into the United States. It is only fair to give you that warning, as I am your guest."

"Do not be alarmed, my friend," said the Mexican. "She will be treated with honor and respect by the government, especially as she has left the Mazaruni tribe, and was going to voluntarily surrender. She is a heroine in the eyes of all Mexicans, because she has not only led the Indians against us with great skill and courage, but she has prevented them from murdering and torturing our soldiers when they fell captive into their hands. I have no doubt the government will let her go free if she promises not to fight against Mexico again."

Juanita, who had stood aside while the men were discussing her fate, now came forward and asked:

"What are you going to do about pursuing the bandits, Señor Commandant? The men you have sent in pursuit will never get within a mile of them, considering the start they have got."

"I'm afraid that is true," Balthazar admitted ruefully.

"You had better return to Argentina and equip a stronger expedition," suggested the girl. "Then I will lead you to the headquarters of the band, a large cave in the Cayono Mountains, about thirty miles from here.

It is to that place Red Isidro and his men have doubtless fled.

"You can attack the band and break it up, once for all. Gladly will I help you. The bandits have never been allies of mine. They are tigers in human form, who curse our country, and should be treated like wild beasts."

Balthazar and Buffalo Bill gladly agreed to this suggestion.

"The men I sent after the bandits will, no doubt, soon come trailing back when they see that pursuit is vain," said the commandant. "Then we will return to the fort and get together enough men to thoroughly clean out that nest of scoundrels without letting a single one of them escape."

"But, in the meantime, we cannot be absolutely sure that Red Isidro and his comrades are returning to their headquarters," said Buffalo Bill. "Probably they are, but they may have some other game afoot. I will follow their trail alone, while you return to the fort and get the expedition ready."

"Then, if they go to their cave, I can rejoin you before you make your attack. If not, you will annihilate the rest of the band, and I shall have located Red Isidro and his friends and be in a position to lead you to them."

Balthazar admitted that it was a good plan, but he was reluctant to see his newly made friend undertake such a hazardous mission. It was beyond the power of any man, however, to change the purpose of the border king when he had made up his mind.

"Adios, señor!" said Juanita, shaking his hand. "I make you a thousand thanks for defending me so gallantly. You are going into much danger, but I know you are a great warrior."

"Will you make me two promises? If you encounter any of my old tribe, the Mazarunis, do not fight them and kill them unless you are compelled to do so. And when next you stand before Red Isidro with a revolver in your hand, send the bullet into his head instead of into an orange."

Buffalo Bill laughed and readily made both promises. Then he bowed gallantly to the girl, mounted his mustang outside the *posada*, and rode off on the trail of Red Isidro and his fellow bandits.

CHAPTER V.

RED ISIDRO MEETS HIS FATE.

The border king had not ridden for more than two hours before he met a strong detachment of the rurales sent by Balthazar in pursuit of the brigands. Their chase had proved ineffectual. Red Isidro and his men, having the better horses, had gained rapidly upon them, and they had given up their task and were returning, utterly dispirited.

But when they found that the famous American colonel, of whose great deeds they had heard so much, was striking out on a lone trail after the bandits, they were eager to join him. The average Mexican is a good soldier and a good scout, if only he has a leader whom he admires and in whom he feels that he can place implicit trust.

Buffalo Bill declined their offers to accompany him, and ordered them to ride back and rejoin their com-

mander at the village. He felt that the task he had undertaken could best be performed alone.

After the men had ridden away, he rode for about twenty miles, and then struck into hilly country, following easily along the plain trail left by the hand of brigands. His mustang climbed up a steep and rough hill track, and entered a rugged mountain pass. On both sides the hills sloped very sharply and were covered by boulders.

The track in the middle of the ravine was hardly wide enough in places for a cart to pass. Here and there huge rocks and boulders bestrewed the path, and the border king felt instinctively that it was a splendid place for an ambush if the outlaws suspected that their trail was still being followed.

He rode along slowly and carefully, glancing from side to side, and ahead at the rocks in the path, ready to throw himself from his horse and take cover directly he saw the least movement among them.

It was, however, no easy matter to distinguish a man's head among those masses of rocks and boulders, through which thick brushwood and small trees had sprung up in many places. Although he kept scanning the hillsides and the path ahead minutely, he saw and heard nothing suspicious, until suddenly a shot was fired from a spot about forty feet up the rocks on the left-hand side.

Buffalo Bill instantly swung himself to the ground, and forced his mustang down behind a protecting boulder, behind which he also took refuge.

The first shot was speedily followed by half a dozen others, which came from both sides of the ravine.

One ball struck the rock close to the border king's head, showing him that he was no safer there than on horseback in the open, as some of the enemy were firing at his back. He therefore made a dash up the path, and took up a position between two rocks, which covered him from either side.

Then, taking advantage of some bushes, he crawled several yards farther along until he came to a spot where he could lie in shelter, and yet obtain a view through the bushes both above and below him.

The shots had ceased, for the border king's movements had been so rapid that his concealed enemies had been unable to draw a bead on him. But presently he saw a puff of smoke shoot out from the side of a large rock. The bullet flattened itself harmlessly against a near-by boulder.

Buffalo Bill immediately brought his rifle to bear upon the place round which the smoke still hung, and he watched it intently.

A few minutes later he saw a head thrust cautiously around the side of the rock. Then a shoulder appeared, and a rifle was pointed toward the spot where he lay sheltered.

The border king fired before his enemy could draw the trigger. There was a sharp scream, and the Mexican's rifle fell clattering down on the rocky path, exploding as it touched the ground.

The moment he had fired, Buffalo Bill drew back into the shelter of the stone behind which he had taken refuge. Two other shots rang out, and the balls cut up and scattered the small pebbles on which he had knelt to fire three seconds before. He was able to observe, however, the position of one of his assailants.

The ranges were so short that it was difficult for even a poor shot to miss his aim when he once caught

sight of an enemy. Another shot soon struck the rock close to Buffalo Bill. He saw that it had been fired some paces from the stone that he was watching. His assailants were using the same tactics he had adopted—that is to say, they were shifting their positions after firing, crawling under shelter of the undergrowth from one rock to another. He moved a few yards away, and did not answer the next two or three shots that were fired.

"*Caramba!* the American devil is done for!" he heard one man on the other side of the ravine call to his companions. They were only about fifty yards from him now, and he could easily catch their words as they shouted to one another.

"Go in, then, Lopez, and take his scalp to give us a present to our friends, the Mazarunis," another voice said.

"Go and do it yourself, Isidro," the first speaker replied. "He is a devil, that American, and he may not be dead, after all."

"You fools, you could have settled it all in one volley if you had shot straight! *Caramba!* but I would not have thought it possible that you would all have missed at that short distance. Well, I am ready to lead the way. You, over there, make a rush when we do."

Buffalo Bill took careful note of the exact position of the speaker. He was concealed behind a big rock some fifteen yards up the hill. The border king saw that, in order to join the men who had been firing, the leader would have to pass an open space between that shelter and another large mass of rock. He accordingly leveled his rifle on that particular spot.

Half a minute later Red Isidro appeared, and ran toward his comrades, swerving in the direction where he supposed his enemy lay concealed. He was stooping downward as he ran, and had a rifle in his hand.

As his body appeared in a line of fire, Buffalo Bill pressed the trigger, and Red Isidro, shot through the head, rolled over like a log.

Cries of dismay echoed from the hillside above, where the men had evidently been watching for their leader to join his companions and lead a rush on the spot where they supposed that Buffalo Bill lay dead.

The bandits on the opposite side of the ravine now began to shout excitedly to one another. Two or three of them wanted to make a general rush, and bear down upon Buffalo Bill in a narrowing circle; but the majority shouted down the idea.

"Are we fools that we should throw away our lives?" asked one. "The American devil never misses. He would shoot us down, one by one, as we showed ourselves."

There was a silence for some few minutes, and then one of the men shouted to Buffalo Bill:

"Caballero, our leader is dead, and we have no more desire to fight you. We will let you go——"

"Thank you for nothing!" exclaimed Buffalo Bill. "You haven't got me yet."

"We will desist from our attack on you," the bandit continued, "if you will promise not to fire upon us as we leave our shelter and ride on our way."

"I will agree to that," Buffalo Bill answered; "but I warn you that I am following your trail, and I shall continue to do so. You cannot escape, for the rurales are determined to break up your gang. You had better

surrender now and beg for the clemency of the government."

A scornful laugh greeted this advice.

"Better die in our boots than rot in a jail!" shouted the man who had proposed the truce to Buffalo Bill. "Have you seen the inside of a Mexican jail, señor?"

Buffalo Bill in his inmost heart sympathized with the bandits' decision. Placed in their position, he knew that he would have fought to the death rather than surrender and go to jail, even if he had known that his life would be spared.

In a few moments the bandits emerged from their concealment and walked to the spot where they had tethered their horses behind a large mass of rocks.

They mounted, and then their spokesman rode down toward Buffalo Bill, halted within twenty yards of him, and cried:

"For how long does the truce last, Señor Americano? How much time will you give us before you pursue us? We will promise to make no attack on you for the same period you mention."

Buffalo Bill looked at the man intently, for he was impressed by the rough chivalry of his manner. He was a civilized Indian, and evidently much above the stamp of the other bandits. The border king made another appeal to him to surrender, promising to try to secure a pardon for him.

"There is too much to pardon, señor," the Indian replied, laughing lightly. "Besides, I lead the band now that Red Isidro is dead, and I can assure you I am too much pleased with the position to give it up so quickly."

"Will you not bury your leader?" Buffalo Bill asked, pointing to the spot where Red Isidro's corpse lay upon the rocks.

"The dog is dead. Let the dog lie," the Indian answered, glancing indifferently at the body of his late chief. "He was a good leader, but a brute and a bully. Nobody loved him less than those who, like myself, knew him best. But we waste time talking of such carrion, Señor Americano. How long does our truce last?"

"I will wait here for three hours," said Buffalo Bill. "That ought to be long enough for you."

The Indian laughed.

"Give me half an hour's start, and you can chase me with all the rurales in Mexico at your back," he cried boastfully.

Then he took off his sombrero and waved his enemy a gay farewell, in which there was a considerable amount of real respect, set spurs to his horse, and galloped recklessly up the rocky path to rejoin his comrades.

Two minutes later the bandits had disappeared from view, and Buffalo Bill sat down on a rock, filled his pipe, and resigned himself to wait patiently until the period of truce had expired.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CAMP OF THE BANDITS.

Next evening the bandits, under the leadership of their new chief, whose name was Rodrigo Mercedes, gained their stronghold in the mountains, to which Juanita had promised to lead the Mexican commandant.

Buffalo Bill had followed closely on their trail, but had not approached near enough to be observed by them.

He had made up the start which he had given to the brigand chief, and was ready to cooperate with Balthazar as soon as the latter appeared upon the scene with his rurales.

The bandits made a great bonfire in the ravine out of which their cave opened. The twenty or so men who returned from the expedition were warmly welcomed by over a hundred of their comrades encamped at the headquarters of the band.

Buffalo Bill, taking advantage of the feasting and drinking and general revelry which went on around the fire, crept close enough to overhear the conversation of the bandits. He carefully concealed himself among the rocks and brushwood, with which the ravine was filled, and he did not have to wait long before his patience was rewarded.

"So Red Isidro has had to eat a bullet at last," said one of the band, a burly Mexican. "Well, nobody is going to weep for him!"

That seemed to be the common opinion around the camp fire. The men spoke of the death of their leader without exhibiting the slightest regret. He had evidently ruled them by fear only, and the news of his death seemed to be a distinct relief to many of his comrades.

"*Diavolo!* Will there never be any order or discipline in this camp?" cried Buffalo Bill's Indian acquaintance, Rodrigo, as he walked out from the cave into the circle of firelight. "Here I find you all sitting round the fire, and nobody on the watch, although you ought to know that the rurales may be upon us at any moment. Then there is that American, who is worth any dozen of you. For all you know, he may be watching us at this moment. What a thing it is to work with fools! Lopez, did I not order you to post sentries?"

Lopez, a sinister-looking mulatto, muttered an excuse and immediately told off half a dozen men to act as scouts and sentinels.

Buffalo Bill got his rifle ready for instant service, for he saw that one of the sentries was coming straight to the spot where he lay concealed.

When the man was within about twenty paces of the spot, his foot caught in a tangled root, and he tripped and fell heavily to the ground. He picked himself up with a curse, tenderly felt his bruised face, and then walked off in another direction. Evidently he concluded that that particular place was too rocky and rugged for a comfortable sentry go.

Buffalo Bill crept nearer to the camp fire, and presently he heard Rodrigo say to one of his comrades:

"When are the delegates from the Mazarunis due to arrive?"

"They should be here by now," the man replied. "The young buck who came in yesterday to announce them said that the tribe had danced the war dance and had fully decided to join us in any plans we might have for raiding the Mexican villages. They even hope that, combined, we might be able to take the fort of Argentina by surprise."

"How did they feel about the desertion of Juanita, their chieftainess?" asked Rodrigo.

"Very badly. There was more weeping and wailing over that than there would have been if the tribe had lost half a dozen battles. They have determined to get her back again. I am not at all sure that they would not sacrifice her to their great god, Zophar, whom they think she has offended by leaving the tribe.

"The brave who came in yesterday told me that the tribe had dispatched a party down toward Argentina to capture Juanita. I think it is very likely they will get her."

"Then they knew that Red Isidro had found her?" Rodrigo remarked.

"Yes, and if they had found he still had her, they would have demanded that she be given up to them. As it is, I suppose she gave herself up to Balthazar after Red Isidro fled. But I would wager that the Indians have managed to get her away from him by fair means or foul."

"We cannot let them sacrifice her if they have managed to capture her," said the Indian earnestly. "I know what they are capable of, Enrico."

"But what is that to us?" asked his companion, in surprise. "It is none of our business. Let the Indians do as they choose."

"It is my business, Enrico, for I mean to marry that girl, and become a chief of the Mazarunis through her influence, as well as chief of this band."

"You are playing with fire," grumbled the other man. "You will shatter this new alliance of ours with the Indians. If they want to kill the girl, they will kill her; and neither you nor all the rurales in Mexico could stop them."

"Well, Enrico, you have always been a good friend of mine, and I will tell you a secret. I love that girl. I knew her when I dwelt for some time among the Mazarunis. She shall not be harmed while I can protect her."

"You will ruin the band," said the other man despairingly, "but I know you will have your way if your mind is made up. But here come the Indians. Let us go and meet them."

The men arose and advanced toward the other side of the ravine to meet four tall, stately Indian chiefs of the Mazaruni tribe, who had just ridden up and tethered their horses near the camp fire.

After a long and elaborate interchange of compliments, presents, and protestations of friendship, the savage ambassadors got down to business, and began to discuss the details of a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with the brigands, for whom Rodrigo, the friend with whom he had been talking, and the mulatto, Lopez, acted as spokesmen.

Buffalo Bill crept nearer and nearer until he lay within thirty feet of the group and could hear practically all that passed.

"Can my brother, He Who Sleeps Not, tell me whether the beautiful white chieftainess has returned to the Mazarunis?" Rodrigo asked.

The Indian thus addressed, who seemed to be the leader among the chiefs, was not pleased with the question. His eyes flashed angrily, and he replied in an offended tone of voice:

"The Mazarunis do not speak of their women. My brother must not seek to know anything of the chieftainess, Juanita."

Rodrigo was about to make an angry retort, when Lopez plucked him by the sleeve and whispered eagerly into his ear. Evidently he implored his leader not to break off the alliance with the Indians, but to use diplomatic measures.

Buffalo Bill was racked with anxiety on Juanita's account, for he suspected, from what he had heard, that

she had been captured by the Indians. He longed for Balthazar to put in an appearance with his little army, but there were no signs of his approach.

The Indians were hospitably entertained by the brigands, and given many a potent drink of the fiery native spirits, aguadiente and mezcal, before they remounted their horses and rode away to rejoin their tribe. They promised to bring up their braves to join forces with the bandits two days hence. When pressed to join earlier than that, He Who Sleeps Not replied that they had some religious ceremonies of great importance to perform first.

By the time they rode away, the night was far gone. One by one, the brigands rolled themselves up in their ponchos and fell asleep round the big camp fire and several smaller ones which they had built in the ravine during the course of the evening.

Buffalo Bill, making a cautious tour of the camp by creeping from rock to rock, saw that the sentries were all either fast asleep or half drunk and inclined to doze.

But there was at least one wakeful man among the band. The Indian, Rodrigo, stood erect long after the others had rolled themselves in their blankets. He gazed into the glowing embers of the camp fire for some while, apparently lost in thought.

Then he walked over to the spot where Buffalo Bill lay hidden, halted within about twenty paces of it, and called out softly:

"Señor Americano, are you there? I would like to talk with you."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAVE OF SACRIFICE.

The border king rose to his feet and faced the bandit, revolver in hand.

"What is it that you want?" he asked.

"Speak softly, or one of the sentries may hear—though they are mostly asleep, the drunken dogs!" replied Rodrigo. "You can put away your gun. I guessed that you would be watching the camp by this time. I want to make a proposition to you."

"But how did you know that I was hidden in this spot?"

"By instinct, as you would have known yourself if you had been in my place. Although I have been educated after the manner of the whites, I have not lost my Indian blood.

"But let us get to business. Did you hear me ask the Mazaruni chief, He Who Sleeps Not, what had become of the girl, Juanita?"

"Yes," Buffalo Bill admitted.

"Well, you heard his answer. You know what it means? I believe they have captured her, and that she is at this moment in their village.

"It is impossible to say what her fate will be. If she would again become their chieftainess, she would be treated with high honor. But if she refuses, they may sacrifice her to their god, Zophar. And if I know her character, she will refuse, whatever be the cost."

"And you want me to join forces with you and rescue her?" asked Buffalo Bill, swiftly divining the other's purpose in seeking this strange interview.

"Yes, you are the only man to whom I can turn. There is not a man in the band who would help me—not a man

whose help I would trust. But I know you would never see a woman perish when it lay within your power to save her.

"Let us make an alliance for this night. Let us ride to the village of the Indians—I know the road—and try to rescue her. Afterward, we can be enemies again."

For answer Buffalo Bill gripped the Indian by the hand with a hearty shake. They mounted their horses—the border king had concealed his mustang close by—and rode away from the camp in grim, determined silence, moving as noiselessly as possible. Not one of the sleepy, drunken sentries challenged them.

After they had ridden about two miles they were halted by a broad river. Rodrigo slipped off his horse, saying:

"We shall have to swim this."

The horses took to the water readily, though a strong and dangerous current was running. The men held on by the side of their animals, gripping the mane with one hand and with the other keeping their guns, revolvers, and ammunition out of the water.

Buffalo Bill, after a hard struggle with the current, gained the opposite bank. As his horse mounted it, he heard a smothered cry from Rodrigo, who was about thirty yards behind.

Turning round, he saw that the Indian had lost his hold of his horse and was sinking beneath the stream, exhausted by his fight with the swift current.

The border king instantly plunged in, seized him by the hair as he was sinking for the third time, and brought him safely to the bank, which his horse had already reached.

When he recovered from his exhaustion Rodrigo lamented the loss of his weapons, which he had dropped when he was on the point of drowning. But Buffalo Bill lent him a revolver, and he declared himself fit to proceed on their mission.

"And now, Señor Americano," he said, "I can never again be your enemy, for I owe to you my worthless life."

They rode on for a couple of hours until they saw the camp fires of the Indian village, a mile distant across a rocky plain. Then they halted and held a council of war.

"There is much light there," said Rodrigo. "That is unusual, for it is now past midnight. They must have some festival or religious ceremony on hand. It may be—Come, we must hurry! We may yet be too late.

"But first we will make ourselves look as much like Mazarunis as possible, so that we can enter right into the village without being suspected in the darkness, and find out what is going on."

"That's a good scheme," said Buffalo Bill, and he pricked his mustang on the flank with his knife. "Steady, lass, steady!" he added, as the animal plunged. "It's for your good as well as mine. You wouldn't find life in an Indian village as pleasant as the life you have been used to."

Then he dipped his fingers in the blood that trickled from the mustang's flank, drew a broad line across his forehead and round his eyes, and placed a patch on his cheek. Next he cut off two handfuls of hair from the animal's tail, tied these together with string, and fastened them in his own hair; so that the horsehair fell down onto his shoulder on each side and partly hid his

face. Rodrigo meanwhile disguised himself in a similar manner.

"It is a rough disguise," said Buffalo Bill, "but I guess it will serve in the darkness. It's luck we both have ponchos. Wrapped in them we shall look something like those Mazarunis I saw in your camp."

Without another word, they mounted and rode swiftly but cautiously toward the village.

The Indians had established their camp at the spot where the plain ended, and a range of mountains, with steep, rugged sides, began.

The camp fires blazed brightly, but Buffalo Bill and his companion, reconnoitering carefully, saw that they were deserted. Nobody seemed to be moving in the village.

"They are in the cave—the Cave of Sacrifice!" whispered the Indian, trembling with excitement. "There are many caves in the face of these rocks, but I think I can find the right one."

The two men dismounted from their horses and tethered them underneath the mountain cliff, outside of the range of the light cast by the camp fires.

Then they crept forward in the black shadow of the wall of rock until they turned round a bend in the face of the cliff and almost ran into a tall, motionless figure standing erect in their path.

The figure was that of a Mazaruni brave, on duty as a sentinel at the approach to the Cave of Sacrifice—the dreaded place where human beings were offered up to propitiate the blood thirst of the demon, Zophar.

Before the brave could utter a yell or raise his tomahawk to strike, Rodrigo, who was leading, had him by the throat. Choking him so that he could not utter a cry, he bent him over until his shoulders touched the ground, and then stabbed him to the heart with his bowie knife.

"Come, señor," Rodrigo whispered to Buffalo Bill, as he wiped his knife on the dead man's blanket. "Here is the cave," and he pointed to a wide opening in the cliff, partially concealed by huge boulders.

As they passed through the opening, they heard a confused hum of voices coming from the cave. The path turned sharply to the right. They followed it for about twenty yards, and then beheld a sight that filled Buffalo Bill with horror.

The entrance opened into a wide hall, which was lighted by a dozen torches. At the farther end there was a hideous, grinning idol carved out of the solid rock.

In front of this idol there was a sort of rude altar formed of a slab of green stone, upon which lay the figure of a woman whom they recognized at once as Juanita.

Beside her stood two of the Mazarunis, naked to the waist, with their bodies painted with strange figures and decorated with the skulls and bones of animals and fishes.

These men, who were evidently priests of Zophar, held long-bladed, curved knives above their heads, and were dancing round the prostrate figure and uttering weird prayers and incantations. Hundreds of Indians, men, women, and children, stood apart, at the sides of the hall, and watched them, now and then joining in a moaning chorus.

Buffalo Bill and Rodrigo stood in the shadow of the entrance for a moment and watched this weird scene.

The Indians were too intent upon the ceremony of sacrifice to glance in their direction.

"Now! You take the fellow to the left and I will take the one to the right," whispered Buffalo Bill to his companion. "Directly we have fired, we will rush in before they recover from their surprise. I will snatch up the girl, and we will make a bolt for the horses. It's a desperate chance, but the only one."

Rodrigo nodded his agreement to the plan.

The shots rang out together.

The distance was only about sixteen or seventeen yards, and without a cry the two priests or executioners fell dead.

A terrible yell of dismay and amazement broke from the crowd of Indians.

Before they could recover their wits, Buffalo Bill had dashed in among them, picked up Juanita in his strong arms as if she were a baby, and turned to rush down the passage to the entrance of the cave, near which were the horses—their only chance of safety.

CHAPTER VIII.

JUANITA TELLS HER STORY.

The Indians speedily recovered from their surprise, and pursued the daring intruders who had snatched their sacrifice from underneath their very eyes.

Rodrigo, guarding the rear, shot down two of the foremost braves as they bounded forward, uttering frightful yells of rage and vengeance.

Their loss checked the pursuit for a moment, and Buffalo Bill gained the entrance of the cavern with his fair burden. Rodrigo was close at his heels, and together they ran to the horses, mounted them, and turned to gallop away from the village.

But by this time several of the Indians had caught up with them. They bore down upon the horses in front and back, and the border king and his companion had to cut their way through them.

Buffalo Bill, clasping Juanita—still unconscious and obviously drugged—with his right arm, and holding her tightly on the saddle in front of him, spurred his mustang straight at a brave who rushed forward and tried to grasp the bridle.

The animal reared and struck the Indian on his forehead with his forefeet. Uttering a shrill cry of pain, he fell to the ground as if he had been poleaxed.

Buffalo Bill, meanwhile, shot two other Indians who attacked him upon either side, and Rodrigo accounted for another, but not before he had received a spear wound in the shoulder.

This short, sharp fight opened a road for escape, and the two fugitives spurred their horses across the plains in a desperate ride for life, while the Indians sent after them a chorus of useless yells and a volley of equally harmless arrows.

The horses of the Mazarunis had been tethered some distance away, and they, therefore, wasted considerable time in their frantic excitement before they mounted and rode in pursuit. The fugitives had gained a long start, and the darkness of the night favored them.

"They will never catch us now," said Buffalo Bill, as he and his companion sped along, side by side.

"No," replied Rodrigo. "The Mazarunis are not good riders, and they have only a few horses, which are poor and weedy. They lost most of their animals fighting

the Mexicans. But, remember, your mustang is carrying a double load."

"He has done that before," said Buffalo Bill, "and he is fit for it. I would back him against any horse in this country. See, he does not feel the extra weight in the least degree."

The mustang, indeed, simply flew over the ground, and Rodrigo's animal was hard put to it to keep up with the clinking pace he set.

They rode on until dawn broke, taking a different direction from that in which they had come, for they wished to avoid the dangerous river in which Rodrigo had nearly been drowned; and they both realized, without even having to speak to one another on the subject, that it would not do to return to the bandit's camp with Juanita. That was likely to be the first place in which the Indians would search for their lost captive.

Soon after sunrise the fugitives crested a small hill, from which they could obtain a good view over the plains. There was not an Indian in sight. They had effectually distanced their pursuers.

Juanita had not yet fully recovered from the effects of the narcotic drug which had been administered to her by the priests of Zophar. Buffalo Bill spoke to her several times during their ride for life, but she could only give vague and incoherent answers, as one speaking in a dream.

When they saw that no Indians were in sight, the men dismounted near to a small stream and Rodrigo set to work to build a fire of dried twigs and prepare breakfast, while Buffalo Bill addressed himself to the task of reviving the half-dazed girl. He bathed her forehead with the cold, pure water of the stream, shook her gently several times, and finally forced her to drink a cup of hot coffee which his companion brewed.

Juanita opened her eyes and gradually came to herself and regained her memory and the full possession of her faculties. After staring at Buffalo Bill in wonder for a moment, she exclaimed:

"Ah! you are the brave American whom I saw at Alta Gracia! I am saved. Those horrible priests! I thought that I should never see the blessed light of day again or breathe the fresh air of the prairie."

"Do not talk yet," said Buffalo Bill. "Have some breakfast, and rest a while."

He took from his saddlebags some jerked meat and biscuit, which he never traveled without, and speedily prepared an appetizing meal. After she had eaten, Juanita was very much refreshed, and while Rodrigo watered the horses at the stream, she told the border king the story of her adventures since she saw him last.

"I rode back from Alta Gracia to the fort at Argentina with Major Balthazar and his rurales," she said.

"The major treated me with great kindness, and gave up his own apartment to me for the night."

"As I was preparing to go to bed, early in the evening, for I was very tired, I heard the hoot of an owl thrice repeated from just outside the wall of the fort. I listened intently, and then I heard it again. How well I knew that sound! It is the secret signal by which the braves of the Mazaruni tribe call for one another's help when they are in danger."

"It was a call which I could not disregard, although I had left the tribe in anger. I hastily slipped on my clothes, and stole outside the fort, dodging the sentry on guard. I walked about fifty yards, and then He Who

Sleeps Not, the principal chief of the Mazarunis, rose from behind a low bush and confronted me.

"He greeted me with the deference to which I had always been accustomed from the tribe, and told me that one of the braves needed my help about half a mile farther away from the fort. He was mysterious about it, but he seemed quite friendly, and so I accompanied him. I never dreamed that it was possible the Mazarunis could harm me. Their chieftainess, my mother, was the daughter of their greatest chief; my father had been a firm friend of theirs, although a white man; and when he died I was adopted by the tribe."

"After I had gone about half a mile, He Who Sleeps Not gave a sharp whistle. In a moment we were surrounded by about twenty Indians, and I was seized, gagged, blindfolded, and made a prisoner. I saw nothing until we reached the Indian village, whither I was borne in front of He Who Sleeps Not, on his horse."

"We got to the camp of the Mazarunis about eleven o'clock at night, and I was immediately led before a council of their chiefs and the priests. He Who Sleeps Not, acting as their spokesman, demanded that I should resume my place as their chieftainess. He said nothing but ill luck had befallen the tribe since I left."

"I said I would return to them, but only on condition that they should make peace with the Mexicans, and consent to offer up no more human sacrifices and no longer torture the prisoners they took in battle. He Who Sleeps Not indignantly refused, so I declared that I would not take my place in the tribe again."

"The chief priest arose immediately and claimed me as a sacrifice for Zophar, urging that it was necessary to appease the wrath of that demoniac deity."

"Some of the Indians opposed him at first and urged me to return to the tribe and save my life, but I refused."

"Then the priest made me drink some native wine, forcing it down my throat in spite of my struggles. It was drugged with some potent narcotic, and I fell into a deep stupor and knew no more until I regained consciousness and found myself stretched out on the sacrificial stone in front of the statue of Zophar."

"When the priests saw my eyes open they immediately drugged me again, and the next thing I knew I found myself here by your side."

Buffalo Bill was justly enraged by this story, and he declared that he would not rest until he had further punished the Indians for their atrocious treatment of their chieftainess. He told Juanita what had happened in the cave.

"They have been punished enough," she said. "You say that the priests are dead, and they were the most guilty of all. The braves are ignorant and superstitious, poor creatures, and they were simply the slaves of the priests, who always regarded me as their enemy, and were only too glad of a chance to put me out of their way. I bear no grudge against the tribe, and would be very sorry if they were harmed."

"It is time we were riding on, señor," said Rodrigo. "The Indians may still be in pursuit of us, and your only hope of safety is to get to the fort at Argentina. You are in danger from my band, as well as from the Mazarunis."

They rode on and reached the fort about breakfast time.

Rodrigo wanted to turn and ride back to his comrades when they came in sight of the walls, but Buffalo Bill and Juanita persuaded him to come in with them and surrender himself.

"Your conduct in rescuing the señorita will win for you your pardon, I am sure," said the border king.

Rodrigo hesitated, but when Juanita smiled at him and added her entreaties, he gave way; for he cherished the hope of winning her for his bride.

Major Balthazar was surprised and delighted when they rode into the fort. He was just getting ready an expedition to search for Juanita, whose disappearance caused him great concern and made him abandon for the time his designs against the bandits.

"Did you think I had broken my parole?" asked Juanita, smiling gayly at him.

"No, señorita, after looking into those beautiful, true eyes of yours, I knew that you could not be guilty of so base an act. When you were missed, I guessed at once that either the Mazarunis or the bandits had kidnapped you."

Balthazar accepted the surrender of Rodrigo, and, after hearing Buffalo Bill's story, set him at liberty on parole and assured him that there would be no difficulty in securing a free pardon for his offenses from the government.

The queerly assorted quartet of friends had a merry breakfast, and then Buffalo Bill and Balthazar withdrew to the latter's office to rearrange their plans for attacking the bandits' stronghold.

Now that they knew that the Mazarunis were likely to reënforce the defenders, they realized that they had a hard and difficult task before them.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE BANDITS.

The border king told Balthazar that it was unnecessary for Juanita to accompany the expedition, as he could easily guide it to the bandits' cave. He described the place and told of the conversation he had overheard between the Mazarunis and Rodrigo, at which a treaty of alliance was arranged.

The commandant decided that he would take two hundred men, all well armed and mounted, to make the attack. He hoped not only to annihilate the Bandits of Sonora, but also to strike a severe blow at the Indian tribe who had so long defied his government.

As the expedition left the fort, Rodrigo shook hands with Buffalo Bill and said:

"Wish me luck, señor! I cannot wish you luck, because you are going to attack my late comrades, and although I know they are scoundrels, I have still some kind of a fellow feeling for them. But you can wish me luck, for before you return I hope to win the sweetest girl on earth for my wife, and then I shall live an honest and decent life henceforward."

"Good luck to you, my friend!" cried Buffalo Bill, grasping him warmly by the hand, and he galloped off to join Balthazar, who had ridden ahead with his men.

* * * * *

When the expedition had arrived within about two miles of the camp of the bandits, Buffalo Bill called a halt and said that he would go ahead and reconnoiter the position alone to see whether the Indians had joined

the band, and also what preparations had been made for defense.

Major Balthazar objected strongly to his running this risk alone, but, as usual, the border king had his way.

He rode ahead cautiously, until he reached the ravine in which the cave was located. He rode boldly into it, and saw that the bandits were cooking their midday meal at their camp fire. Several Indians were with them, and a large number of Indian ponies were tethered in the ravine. By a rough guess, Buffalo Bill estimated that over two hundred men were opposed to his force.

He sat squarely on his horse and watched them for a few moments in the coolest manner possible before he was discovered. Then one of the Indians, turning round and glancing in his direction, gave an excited yell and pointed to him.

Buffalo Bill did not wait to see what would happen next. He immediately turned his horse and galloped round the corner of the cliff out of the ravine.

But in so doing he was jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. A strong party of the outlaws, who had apparently been out scouting or hunting, were returning, and they met him at a distance of not more than thirty paces as he turned the corner out of the ravine. They gave a yell of triumph as they saw him, and rushed forward, thinking that they had an easy prey.

Buffalo Bill, drawing his six-shooter, rode straight into the midst of the band. They tried to bar his path, but they might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind.

The border king's mustang reared and struck down the foremost bandit. A bullet clipped one of the ears of the gallant animal, but he never swerved, and bore his master out of danger at a terrific pace.

A volley of shots whistled harmlessly after Buffalo Bill, but not one of them touched him.

Turning in the saddle, he took rapid aim and shot down three of the bandits as they thundered after him.

By this time the whole yelling horde of Mazarunis and bandits was in hot pursuit, but Buffalo Bill, wrought up to a keen pitch of delight by the exhilaration of the adventure, waved his sombrero toward them defiantly and did not trouble to urge his noble mustang to its topmost speed. He wanted to draw the band down toward the rurales, so that they would have to fight away from their stronghold.

This scheme succeeded admirably, and the enemy followed him without the least suspicion that they were being lured into a trap.

The chase continued for a little over a mile, and then Buffalo Bill, turning a corner of the rocky path down which he was descending, came in view of Balthazar and his rurales.

As the commandant saw his friend galloping toward him, he grasped the situation immediately and shouted orders to his men to prepare for instant action.

The Mexicans leaped to their feet, seized their rifles, and received the advancing Indians and bandits with a murderous volley at not more than two hundred yards' distance as they swept round the turning.

Checked by their rapid onslaught, the pursuers fell into wild confusion, and more than thirty of them reeled from their saddles and fell to the ground under the hoofs of the horses, either dead or sorely wounded.

Balthazar leaped to the front of his troops, revolver

in hand, and led a charge which proved absolutely irresistible. Buffalo Bill rode by his side, and never was his marvelous marksmanship more effectual.

A wild mass of plunging horses, wounded men, and frantic cowards, seeking vainly for some avenue of escape—this was the condition of the bandit host as the rurales charged in upon it.

There was only one man among the enemy who kept his head and his cool courage. That was the Indian chief, He Who Sleeps Not.

Experienced in all the hazards of savage warfare, the sudden surprise did not upset him in the least degree, but he strove in vain to rally his men and make them present a united front to the foe.

Mad with disappointment, as he saw them breaking and fleeing in all directions, he waved his tomahawk aloft and rushed at Balthazar.

The commandant turned to face him, leveled his smoking revolver, and pulled the trigger.

No report followed. The last shot in the chamber had already been fired.

Balthazar flung the weapon at the head of the Indian and it struck him squarely in the center of the forehead. He reeled back, stunned for the moment, but recovered himself, whirled his tomahawk around his head, and aimed it straight at the skull of his adversary.

At that moment Buffalo Bill's six-shooter cracked. He had seen the peril of his friend, and was prompt to rescue him. He Who Sleeps Not, shot through the heart, sank to the ground and slept at last the final sleep of death.

The rurales, meanwhile, were justifying the border king's estimate of them as a hard-fighting body of men. The feeble resistance made by their enemies only whetted their appetite for slaughter, and in the space of a few minutes they achieved a complete victory.

The rocky ground which formed the battlefield was littered with the bodies of men and horses, and as the outlaws broke and fled in utter terror they were shot down by dozens.

The Bandits of Sonora, as an organization, ceased to exist with that battle, and the Mazarunis lost their leading war chief and many of their braves.

Never was there a victory more complete, nor one in which a larger proportion of the defeated army was annihilated.

The rurales hastily mounted their horses and pursued the fleeing enemy, shooting down many of them as they tried to escape. They kept them on the run for several miles, and of the whole body not more than thirty finally got away.

After the pursuit ceased and the commandant was able to estimate exactly the result of the battle, he found that only five of his men had been killed and eight wounded, while the enemy had lost over one hundred and fifty men, in dead, wounded, and prisoners. Of the last there were twenty-five, most of them wounded.

"Line them up," commanded Balthazar.

The prisoners were placed in a row against the cliff. Many of them were unable to stand, and lay helplessly upon the ground.

"Sergeant Melhado!" cried the commandant.

A noncommissioned officer stepped forward and saluted.

"Firing party!"

The sergeant made a motion to some of his men

who were standing around, and they immediately ranged themselves in line in front of the helpless prisoners.

"Ball cartridge! Load!"

The order rang out sharply, and attracted the attention of Buffalo Bill, who was kneeling by the side of one of the rurales near by and binding up a wound in the man's leg.

He immediately rose to his feet, and ran between the prisoners and the firing party just as the order was given:

"Ready! Present!"

"Major Balthazar, I protest against this slaughter," cried the border king. "These men are helpless in your hands, and many of them are wounded. It is not a soldierly act to shoot them in cold blood without a trial. I know they are criminals, but at least they are entitled to justice. I beg that you will take them to the fort and then send them to the proper court for trial. I cannot stand by and see them slaughtered. If you want to shoot them, your men must shoot through my body."

Major Balthazar twisted his mustache in angry perplexity for a moment, and then his face cleared, and he laughed and said:

"Caramba! But you Americans have a different way of doing business from ours! We believe in a short shrift for such vermin.

"I am deeply in your debt, Colonel Cody, for saving my life a few moments ago, and I will cheerfully do as you wish. But I tell you frankly it will make no difference. The court will not waste much time in trying them. The only difference is that they will be hanged or garroted instead of being shot."

The prisoners were then formed up in line, two abreast, and placed in the center of the cavalcade as it formed to return to the fort.

Buffalo Bill rode by their side, anxious to see that they were not maltreated by the soldiers. Suddenly, while he was glancing in another direction, one of the Indian captives edged his horse alongside of him, and seized him by the throat with a pair of bony, sinewy hands.

The border king, taken by surprise, was almost choked before he realized what was happening; but with a mighty effort he recovered his seat in the saddle, and grappled with his attacker.

The pressure on his windpipe was terrible. He felt his senses going, and the scene fading from his eyes as he slipped rapidly toward unconsciousness.

Almost instinctively, he wrenched his right hand away, drew his revolver, and shot the Indian through the head.

This all happened so quickly that none of the Mexicans had had time to come to his assistance, but as the Indian tumbled from his saddle to the ground he was riddled by half a dozen bullets.

"You see, this is all the gratitude that these rascals are capable of," said Balthazar to the border king, after he had discovered that his friend had suffered no injury. "That brave was not a bit grateful to you for saving him from being shot just now. He simply thought that you were saving him for the torture."

"I was not looking for gratitude," replied Buffalo Bill. "I simply did what I thought was my duty—not because I had any regard for these scoundrels, but because I have a love for law and justice."

CHAPTER X.

A HUNT FOR DIAMONDS.

A week had elapsed since the crushing defeat of the Bandits of Sonora.

Buffalo Bill had remained at the fort at Argentina, much amused by watching the rivalry of Balthazar and Rodrigo for the favor of Juanita.

Both men waited upon her like lackeys, anticipating her every wish, and were overjoyed to be rewarded by one kindly glance of her roguish eyes.

During this interval, Pawnee Bill, the famous scout who had been associated with the border king in many thrilling adventures, arrived at the fort in search of his friend. He had heard in El Paso that Buffalo Bill had gone over into Mexico, and had followed on his trail hotfoot. When he heard of the sharp work that he had missed, he was almost beside himself with disappointment and wrath.

After dinner one night Pawnee Bill was denouncing Buffalo Bill for not giving him a hint that something was doing before he crossed the border, when Rodrigo interrupted him.

"There are other adventures that you may yet have, Señor Lillie," he said, "and I can put you in the way of one, if you wish.

"I have not forgotten your kindness, señores," he added, turning to Buffalo Bill and Balthazar, and now I shall reward you. I shall tell you the secrets of my tribe. As you may know, I come from the Waiomos, far to the southward.

"Hundreds of miles to the south up the Cuyani, near to where the Caruno joins it, there are great diamond fields. Many years ago, when my grandfather's grandfather and his grandfather lived, the Spanish *conquistadores* came and cleared away the undergrowth and dug in the gravel and found many diamonds.

"I have seen the place myself, señores. The jungle has never grown over it to this day. It is just a big slice out of the forest as if cut with the knife of the Great God, and you cannot possibly fail to find it if you go there and search. But you will run great peril from the Indians, with their poisoned blowpipes, and the jaguars, and the serpents, and the terrible fevers that haunt the rivers. Nevertheless, if you persevere, you may come back rich men, for the diamonds are there in value exceeding all imagination."

Balthazar listened eagerly to the story, and immediately declared himself anxious to obtain leave of absence from his military duties and make the trip.

Cody and Pawnee Bill were also attracted by the idea, for the fire of adventure was kindled in their veins by the words of the Indian, although they cared little for the money which they might possibly make out of the expedition.

They discussed the matter all that evening, and next morning set to work to organize the expedition. Rodrigo declined to accompany them, saying that he had matters to attend to at the fort.

"I know what he means," said Balthazar, confidentially to Buffalo Bill; "he hopes to win Juanita for his wife, but I am sure that she will never wed such a penniless scamp—a bandit who is not even yet pardoned. I am going on this expedition to make a fortune, and then I will come back and ask her to be my bride."

Buffalo Bill smiled.

"The man on the spot has a great advantage in these matters," he observed; but Balthazar laughed scornfully and declared again that he was not afraid of Rodrigo's rivalry.

A week later the party struck out from Argentina for the little-known reaches of the Cuyani in a forty-foot river canoe, with a two months' supply of provisions, trinkets for the savages they might meet, and a crew of eighteen Indians. This crew was under the command of another Indian—a most trusty one. Balthazar, Buffalo Bill, and Pawnee Bill were the only white men in the party.

The expedition's first adventure occurred on the morning of the first day. The boat was gliding swiftly through the water with scarcely a ripple at the bow. The boatman, keeping time to the tune with the bang-swish-bang of their paddles, were singing one of their favorite Spanish songs.

Suddenly, straight ahead where the river narrowed, a large jaguar appeared, swimming across the river. Balthazar, who sat in the boat's stern, fired at the beast and wounded it slightly.

Infuriated, it turned and made straight for the boat, and, reaching it in an incredibly short time, endeavored to clamber in.

In the excitement that followed among the frightened Indians, the boat almost capsized and the jaguar all but succeeded in gaining its object.

Luckily, at the critical moment, some of the boatmen regained their courage and, with well-aimed blows of their paddles on the animal's head, they stunned and finally killed it.

Revolvers were useless, for the crew and the animal were at such close quarters that the white men dared not shoot.

Each night the boat was pulled ashore and the party slept on the river bank. The first night was typical of all the others spent in the jungle.

Myriads of all sorts of insects made sleep well-nigh impossible and tortured the men—both white and Indian—with their bites.

The fires, which were kept burning all night long to scare away jaguars and other beasts of prey, whose roars were heard all about the forest, only served to attract more mosquitoes. It was almost a case of being eaten to death in small mouthfuls instead of large ones. Not a moment in the night was passed without one of the white men on guard with revolvers and rifle at his side.

As the boat went farther and farther up the river and away from civilization, the boatmen's courage oozed more and more, until at last they broke out into open mutiny, declaring that they would no longer pierce into the unknown.

Feeling secure in their numbers, they actually turned the boat around and headed it for Sonora. Then the scouts and Balthazar drew their revolvers.

For a few moments the Mexican Indians hesitated, until suddenly the hulking leader of the mutineers raised his paddle and aimed it to strike at Pawnee Bill, the nearest white man.

The next instant he was knocked senseless and out of the boat with the butt end of Buffalo Bill's rifle.

That ended the mutiny, but after that the boatmen were constantly watched for fear that they would en-

deavor to steal the boat and leave their employers alone in the forest to starve.

The first encounter with the native Indians of this untrodden region, as savage and primitive as it was in the days of Columbus, occurred shortly afterward.

Early one morning, as the boat was close to the river bank, a naked Indian suddenly appeared. After gazing in blank astonishment at the white people, the first he had ever seen, he threatened them with his blowpipe.

When the boat was headed toward him, however, he turned and fled into the jungle. He rushed along a little creek, which branched from the main river, so Buffalo Bill and his comrades decided to explore this creek in the hope of finding a village, establishing friendly relations with the Indians, and getting one of them for a guide.

Entering the creek, they rowed slowly along a dense wall of mangrove trees in search of a passage through the dense tropical vegetation.

At last they found one, and ascended the creek slowly. The stream rapidly narrowed, and the mangroves, which grew on either bank, intertwined their branches, thus forming a thick arch of tropical vegetation through which the sun's rays could not penetrate.

At last they reached a spot which seemed to be a landing place, for a few dug-out canoes were drawn up on a shelving, sandy beach.

They got out of the boat and followed a narrow trail, which took them to a hillock completely covered with trees and well-nigh impenetrable undergrowth.

Through this maze they cut their way with machetes, and came on a small, palm-thatched hut, surrounded by palm trees and a patch of cassava.

Here lived an old Indian with his family. Balthazar made signs of friendship, but, surprised and terrified at their first sight of white men, the Indians fled helter-skelter into the jungle, leaving behind them only a smoldering stick fire, over which they had been cooking their meal of fish caught from the creek.

Pursuing their search, the explorers came upon another little cabin, built of poles stuck in the mud and covered with palm leaves.

Some Indian women were sitting there, with their children.

The party advanced, making signs of friendship and displaying blankets and beads, but the women, throwing themselves in front of their children, menaced the strangers with their reed blowpipes.

Knowing that the darts in these blowpipes were always poisoned, the invaders came to a dead stop. Seeing their opportunity, the women caught up their babies, their baskets, their hammocks, and all their provisions, and fled into the jungle.

There was an old woman who could not run, and she sat patiently, expecting instant death. But the white men treated her kindly, gave her food and presents, and told her, through an Indian in the crew who spoke a dialect similar to hers, that they meant well.

Thus won over, she went into the forest and persuaded the others to return. Soon the three whites were besieged by scores of Indians, all eager to look at the strange creatures and the wonderful things they had brought with them.

By a judicious distribution of hatchets, knives, beads, and blankets, friendship was established and a guide was

secured, who accompanied the expedition until its return to the creek on its way down the river.

When the party arrived at the confluence of the two rivers, the Cuyani and the Caruno, a camp was pitched and several excursions were made into the jungle in search of the old Spanish mine which the Indian had described to Buffalo Bill in Argentina. He had drawn a rough map of the place, but it proved useless.

The party searched for nearly three weeks in the jungle, and during that time there was no lack of excitement.

Once Pawnee Bill reached over Balthazar's shoulder as they were going along in single file through dense undergrowth, and cut in half a "bushmaster" snake which was coiling itself on a branch to dart its venomous fangs into Balthazar's cheek.

Another time Balthazar killed a snake over six feet long which was about to attack one of his men. But snakes were common enough, and in time the hunters grew to mind them less than the nests of marabuntas and red ants, which they sometimes stepped upon, with the result that they were smothered with stings.

Two or three of the boatmen got attacks of fever through these stings, and were only saved from death by careful nursing on the part of their leaders.

Eventually Buffalo Bill decided that they must give up the hunt. Provisions were running out, and a small canoe with relief supplies had not arrived, as it should have done. They decided that they must go downstream and meet it if they were to escape starvation.

As a matter of fact, they nearly did starve. Almost two weeks passed before they came upon the canoe. The provisions ran out completely, and for three or four days the party just contrived to support existence by catching two or three fish, shooting four birds, and killing a few iguanas. All the game along the river was very scarce and shy.

When the canoe was finally met with, several of the boatmen had become so weak that they could no longer work at the oars.

Returning down the Cuyani, the party searched now and then for diamonds, clearing the undergrowth in likely places, excavating to pay gravel, and washing it in rough troughs.

Several stones were found, but none of any great value, so it was decided to strike for the principal diamond country, which lay to the south of Sonora.

After a long and toilsome journey the fields were reached and a claim was staked out, close by some of the best-paying mines.

Clearing the jungle to dig for the diamonds was a herculean task. A tropical tree, being intertwined and connected with its fellows, and often rotten, cannot be depended upon to fall in a certain way. Often it will fall on the woodman. Several of the Indians were badly crushed in this manner, and others sustained minor injuries.

But the principal adventure in this diamond country happened when some outlaws tried to jump the claim. Several shots were exchanged before the attacking party withdrew, vowing vengeance. Nothing more was heard from them, however, for they had lost heavily through the good marksmanship of Cody and Pawnee Bill; but a close watch was kept, for the Mexican diamond fields

at that time were filled with lawless characters, and the only law there was "Might is right."

The expedition was fairly lucky, finding over seventy small stones. Most of them were diamonds, but a few were small sapphires and rubies.

Later on, the prospectors went some distance up another river flowing northward to the Rio Grande, and searched for diamonds there, with only moderate success. Coming down the river, they had their worst experience with the rapids.

This river had a chain of rapids and falls which continued unbrokenly for miles. Nearly an entire day had to be spent shooting them, and every moment was full of peril.

As the first rapid was reached and the boat got drawn into the rush of the current, the men would bend to the paddles and give full headway to the boat, until she flew over the water like an arrow to the mark.

Hardly was the boat at the head of one fall than it was on top of another; scarcely was one rapid left before seven or eight others had been passed.

The captain and the boatmen needed wrists of steel and nerves of iron to guide a boat safely between the huge boulders, drifting logs, and snags, which spread like a network all along the route.

Trees and islands flitted by as if seen from an express train; and it was impossible to stop except by running aground on an island at the risk of being dashed to pieces.

At the last fall but one, as Buffalo Bill's boat was passing between two huge boulders barely the boat's width apart, the bowman's paddle struck the side of the starboard rock, swerving the boat's head around until it struck the port rock and capsized.

The river curved inward about one hundred yards below, and the swift current dashed the struggling men on a bank of mud and sand.

As if by a miracle, no lives were lost, though several of the party were nearly drowned and were resuscitated with difficulty. Most of the stores were saved, but rifles, hatchets, and other heavy tools were lost.

The boat, much damaged, was picked up lower down the river by the second boat, commanded by Balthazar, and they were able to patch it up enough to insure a safe return to Sonora.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TALE OF A HELPFUL GHOST.

When the party were about two days' journey from Argentina, they stopped one night at the ranch of an old American, named Jake Peters, who had emigrated to Mexico from the mountains of Tennessee, and had made a large fortune in cattle raising.

He was delighted to meet with a couple of brother Americans, and they sat up far into the night, spinning yarns of their adventures.

"I've met up with some quare things in my time," said the old man, "and I've allus sorter reckoned that a ghost or speerit once helped me out o' a powerful tight place."

Being pressed for the story, he stirred up the logs on the fire, lighted his pipe, and continued:

"Once, when I lived up in Tennessee, I went into makin' moonshine whisky. It was the same way with

all the rest. We could turn our co'n into money that way, and in no other. Nobody ever did make any money at it, and every man seen about a still run the risk of bein' sent off to State's prison most any day in the week.

"I did a heap o' thinkin' before I went into the bizness. The ole woman was agin' it from the start, and many a night she woke me up as she cried out:

"'Jake, I've bin dreamin' that them revenoo fellers had cotched yo' and sent yo' to the penitentiary fur two y'ars!'

"Bimeby," continued the old man, "I decided to go into it. We had to pack the still thirteen miles over the hills on our backs, and we had only jest got to makin' moonshine, when the woods were full o' revenoo fellers s'archin' fur the plant. It was in a ravine over to the west, with a big dead tree standin' sentinel, and though they run mighty clus, they couldn't find it.

"They was so watchful, however, that we couldn't git any of the stuff out to make a sale, and there came a time when I had thirty kegs of good co'n whisky hid away in the bresh and ready to go over the trail.

"Then the boss of the revenoo fellers stops at my cabin one day fur a drink o' water, and says:

"'Jake, you've got a still, and yo've got whisky on hand. We hain't found the spot yit, but I've sent fo' two mo' men, and we ar' goin' to stay right here fur the next ten y'ars. I ain't wishin' yo' any bad luck, but if I don't hev yo' in prison in less than three months, then I'll resign my place an' go to huntin' rabbits!'

"That sort o' talk upset the ole woman, and rayther skeered me," continued Jake, "and I made up my mind I'd hev to move the still outter the way as quick as possible.

"I sent word around, and one arternoon about twenty men gathered in a thicket jest beyond the creek, near my cabin. We talked things over and agreed that sumthin' must be done, but at the same time it was takin' big chances.

"When night come down, a white fog riz up and made everything look quare and strange. Arter sundown, when the fog spread all over the mounting, you jest couldn't help thinkin' of speerits and ghosts.

"We couldn't say how it would affect them revenoo fellers, but we got down to the still about eight o'clock in the evenin', and every one of us was feelin' trembly.

"It wasn't so powerful dark, but that white fog lay everywhere like a shroud fur the dead, and it was so still that the fall of a dead twig gave yo' a sort o' shiver.

"I hadn't said nothin' to the ole woman, but I reckoned she suspicioned what was up. We went at them kegs fust. Each man was to carry one fo' miles, and we knowed them revenoo men would be hidin' on the trail if they were abroad at all."

"Well, how did you come out?" Buffalo Bill asked, as the old man paused.

"It was quare, suh—mighty quare. We was movin' along the trail like so many ghosts, when we heard sumthin' wail out, like a woman in distress. The wail was drawn out like, and it ended up in a sort of laugh.

"Lawd, suh, but the whole crowd of us turned as cold as ice and felt our ha'r standin' up.

"Some was fur runnin' away and some was fur goin' back, but as we stood thar, with our hearts thumpin', we heard the revenoo men crawlin' away through the

bresh and sayin' to each other that a ghost was wanderin' ahead.

"About every two minits the ghost would utter that cry. Sometimes it would seem to be ahead of us, and sometimes behind, and though we stuck to our kegs, everybody was skeert half to death.

"I shouldn't be ashamed to say that we throwed away the whisky and run fur our lives, fur I was never so badly upsof, but we stuck to it till all the kegs was safe. Then we had a talk and determined to move the still."

"And you continued to hear the voice?" Buffalo Bill asked.

"Right along, suh. It wasn't like no human bein', nor yit like an animal, and nobody could rightly say from which direction it came. I reckon the only reason that kept us together was fear. Each man had a feelin' that if he got away from the crowd that awful thing would grab him and take his life.

"It took from about eight o'clock in the evenin' till mighty nigh daylight to git the kegs safe away and move the still two miles, and all that time that ghost was wanderin' up and down and utterin' them quare noises.

"After the first alarm them revenoo fellers went into hidin' and wasn't heard of ag'in, but we knew they was still in the woods.

"When it was all through I started fur home, and daylight was eatin' up the fog as I opened the cabin door. Lyin' on the outside o' the bed, and sound asleep, was my ole woman.

"On the bed beside her was a sheet so damp you could wring water out of it, and her shoes and clothes was in the same fix. Arter a little while, I woke her up and says:

"'Mebbe you've bin walkin' in yo'r sleep and fell into the brook?'

"'Mebbe I hev,' says she, as she sits up and stares at me and can hardly speak out loud for hoarseness. 'Is the whisky safe?'

"'All safe.'

"'And did yo' move the still?'

"'Moved it two miles.'

"'Then git yo'self a bite to eat and lemme sleep till noon, fur thar' was quare noises about last night and I didn't get a wink o' sleep.'

"And it was your wife who played the ghost?" Buffalo Bill asked.

"Can't say," replied Jake, with a smile. "I never dun axed her, and she never told me."

"And what did the revenue men have to say about it?'

"Nuthin' 'tal—not to me. As soon as daylight come they headed fur Knoxville, an' we didn't see no mo' of 'em fur months. They give out that a ghost rolled six of 'em over a cliff and hit the rest of the gang with stones and clubs, and none of 'em wouldn't come back fur love or money."

* * * * *

Next day Balthazar and the Americans took leave of their hospitable entertainer and journeyed onward to the fort.

When they reached there, they were met by Rodrigo and Juanita.

"Allow me to present to you the Señora Rodrigo Mercedes," said the former. "My pardon from the

government arrived a week ago. Juanita's had come before, so we were married yesterday by the good padre of Alta Gracia."

Buffalo Bill congratulated them warmly, but he could hardly repress a smile as he looked at Balthazar and saw how desperately the gallant Mexican was trying to conceal his chagrin.

"*Diavolo!*" the commandant whispered. "My share of the diamonds we have gained will make me a rich man for life, well able to support a wife in luxury. And now she has gone and taken this penniless fellow!"

"You see, my friend, it is not the money, but the man she loves that every woman worth the winning thinks about," replied Buffalo Bill.

"Ah, well, she is not the only woman" said the Mexican, shrugging his shoulders. "There are others whom a man can marry. It will not be hard to pick out one who will be glad to have my share of the diamonds."

When the diamonds were sold, it was found that each of the three men was entitled to a little over eighteen thousand dollars. As Balthazar said, this was enough to make him a comparatively rich man in that part of his country.

Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill, with their usual careless generosity, speedily got rid of their share of the profit of the expedition. They gave handsome wedding presents to Jaunita and Rodrigo, which enabled the Indian to set himself up in business as a rancher with the best of prospects.

Buffalo Bill gave Balthazar ten thousand dollars to pension the families of the rurales who had been killed in the fight with the bandits, and to provide for those who had been disabled by their wounds.

When the commandant protested that this was altogether too generous on his part, the border king replied:

"It is little enough to do for the men who saved my life when I was hard pressed by the Bandits of Sonora."

THE END.

"Buffalo Bill's Still Hunt; or, Pawnee Bill and the Fate of a Witch," is the title of the story that will be found in the next issue of this weekly. It is a thrilling narrative of Western life, full of mystery and stirring adventure. Among other striking episodes, it relates how Buffalo Bill rescued Nick Wharton from the camp of a gang of bandits who had captured him. The issue is No. 15, and it will be out December 21st.

WORK DONE BY A WATCH.

It is a matter of everyday occurrence for a person to say to his watchmaker:

"Here is a watch which you sold me some ten years ago. It has always gone well till just lately, when it has taken to stopping without any apparent cause."

The people who speak in this way little think of the amount of work a watch has performed in this space of time, and might be astonished at the following figures:

In ten years, which includes two leap years, and consequently a total of 2,652 days, the hour hand has made 7,306, and the minute hand 87,648 revolutions. The end of an average minute hand travels more than 10,280 yards—more than six miles. The second hand has made 5,258,880 revolutions, and its extremity has traversed on

the dial a distance of upward of 123 miles. The escape wheel has made 52,588,800 revolutions, and as it has fifteen teeth, it has come 788,832,000 times in contact with each pallet. The balance wheel has made 1,577,644,000 vibrations, and any point on the outside of the rim has covered a distance of about 50,000 miles, and that is equal to twice the circumference of the earth.

HANK, THE HUSTLER

Or, A Brave Boy's Battle for Bread.

By FRED THORPE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HANK PAYS A VISIT.

Naturally, the abrupt departure of his two visitors left Hank Harding in a rather unsettled condition of mind. Had his uncle's entrance prevented Rivers from disclosing the name of Robert Kirk's assassin?

What had been the old man's motive in professing a willingness to surrender the fortune to him? Hank did not for a moment believe the offer to be a genuine one, but he could not understand why his uncle had made it.

Was there a tacit understanding between the two men when they had left the room together?

These and a hundred other questions rushed through the boy's mind; and it was a positive proof when there came a knock upon the door, and a note was handed him. The handwriting was an unfamiliar one; Hank gazed at the superscription in perplexity.

"I don't know any one in Pittsburgh," he murmured. "Who can this be from? Can it be another trick of my uncle's? Well, the best way to find out is to open it, I guess."

A glance at the signature to the note was enough to dismiss the boy's fears. It was from the *aéronaut*, Professor Burcher, and its contents were as follows:

"Mr. Hank Harding.

"MY YOUNG FRIEND: Perhaps you have forgotten the eccentric old Professor Burcher, but he hasn't forgotten you. Very likely you put me down as a crank, and concluded that you would never hear from me again; but you see I meant what I said, and am not as easily gotten rid of as you perhaps thought. You must not forget your promise to come and see me. A promise is a promise, and I shall hold you to this one of yours. Frankly, I have taken a liking to you, and want to see more of you. I am not by any means a superstitious man, but I have a strong presentiment that you and I are destined to become close friends. Such feelings are not common with me, and I am therefore inclined to give them more credence. I shall be obliged to be away from here all day, but shall be at home this evening, and will look for you at eight o'clock, if I do not hear from you in the meantime. Perhaps you will find an evening with me not unprofitably spent. Your friend,

"GUSTAVUS BURCHER."

In a postscript were full directions for reaching the *aéronaut's* house, which was situated in the outskirts of the city.

Hank decided at once to accept the good-natured invitation, and he wrote a note to that effect, which he dispatched by a messenger.

The remainder of the day he spent in the pursuit of his business, and made three very important sales.

As the old saying tells us, "Nothing succeeds like success." Hank's luck followed him. At two of the three places he visited, Johnson & Elliott's "dude" drummer came in just as he had completed his bargain; and, as may be imagined, this did not tend to make the young fellow feel any more friendly toward our hero.

With all his experience Hank, a mere boy and a tyro in drumming, had gotten the best of him every time, and it was a hard blow to his self-love.

But there was no help for it; his only resource was to glare fiercely at the boy when he bowed politely to him as they met; and that did not worry Hank any.

At precisely eight o'clock that evening our hero reached Professor Burcher's house, a queer, tumble-down structure at some distance from any other dwelling.

In an inclosed space on one side of the dwelling swayed a huge balloon, which Hank surveyed curiously as he pulled the doorbell.

His ring was almost instantly answered by the *aéronaut* himself.

One glance at the old man's face showed the boy that he was considerably under the influence of liquor.

With a tipsy smile he grasped his visitor's hand, exclaiming in a thick voice:

"Hank, my boy, you're welcome. You don't mind my calling you 'Hank'?"

"Certainly not," returned our hero, as he followed the old man into a small reception room.

"That's right," went on the *aéronaut*. "But sit down and make yourself comfortable—if you can. Everything's topsy-turvy here, as you see. I keep bachelor's hall, and I wouldn't have a servant round at any price."

"You need not apologize," laughed Hank; but the place certainly needed it.

Everything was, as Professor Burcher said, "topsy-turvy." The need of a woman's care was plainly apparent.

"So you are a bachelor, professor?" said Hank.

The old man sighed, and an expression of deep melancholy appeared upon his furrowed face.

"I am a widower," he said. "I had the best wife in the world, but she died less than four years after our marriage, leaving me with a little daughter, her living image."

"And is she, too, dead?" inquired Hank.

"Alas! I know not," answered the old man, wiping away a tear.

"You do not know?" said Hank, in surprise.

"No. My boy, I will tell you the whole story—that is, if you care to hear it."

"Indeed I do," replied the boy earnestly, "if it is not too painful for you to tell it."

"No, no; but you are the first to whom I have related it for years."

The professor paused and seemed buried in thought for a few moments.

Then he said:

"My boy, those who were my friends twenty years ago would not know me now. Then I was wealthy, prosperous, respected. The death of my wife was a terrible blow to me, but I rallied from the shock, and resolved

to live for my child alone. But, alas! an affliction even more awful than the first overtook me. My child was stolen."

"Stolen!"

"Yes, she disappeared one night, and I was never able to obtain any clew to her whereabouts."

"Did you have any reason to suspect any one?" asked Hank, with deep interest.

"Yes, yes!" sighed the old man. "From the first I suspected one who for years was my bitter, vindictive enemy—my wife's sister. I offended this woman once—no matter how—and she never forgave me. I believed that it was through her instrumentality that my child was stolen, and I accused her of the crime. She denied it; but many years later, on her dying bed, confessed that the little one had been stolen by a hireling of hers. But even in the hour of death, so strong was her hatred of me that she would not tell me where my child was. 'The girl still lives,' she said, almost with her dying breath, 'but you will never see her.' I implored of her to reveal the secret, but my words had no effect upon her, and she died without speaking the words that would have brought back sunshine to my weary life."

And the aeronaut paused, his voice choked with emotion.

"The greater part of my once large fortune," he went on presently, "I expended in the vain search for my lost child. At last I abandoned it in despair, and came to this place, which has been my solitary home for some years. To drive away the grief that consumed me, I had recourse to alcohol. At first it was my slave, but now it is my master. Ah, well, what matters it? In a few short years, perhaps months, all will be over."

The old man seized a black bottle that stood upon the table at his elbow, and poured out nearly a tumblerful of its contents, which he swallowed at a gulp.

Then he arose, saying:

"But enough of this; I won't bother you with my private affairs any longer. Come out with me and see my balloon. On the day after to-morrow I am to give an exhibition, and all is nearly in readiness."

Hank followed the aeronaut from the house, unconscious that he was about to encounter the most startling adventure of his life.

CHAPTER XXX.

RUFUS HARDING TRIUMPHS.

Professor Burcher started as he closed the door of the house behind him.

"Did you see any one?" he whispered to Hank.

"Where?" asked the boy, somewhat startled.

"Over by the inclosure where the balloon is. I thought I saw a man sneaking about there, but perhaps I was mistaken."

As he spoke the old man walked around the circular inclosure, but the intruder, if there had been one, had vanished.

"I guess I was mistaken," said the aeronaut. "I'm always nervous about the machine, anyway, for it has cost me many years of hard labor, and it is not yet perfected."

Hank noticed that his companion's voice was growing thicker, and that he walked unsteadily.

Evidently the fiery liquor he had taken was beginning to affect him.

Professor Burcher unlocked the gate of the inclosure and motioned to Hank to enter.

The boy did so, and gazed at the huge monster with much interest.

"What is that for?" asked our hero, pointing to a cord that hung from the side of the balloon.

"That connects with the valve which permits the escape of gas when a descent is desired," replied the man. "Without that contrivance passengers in the balloon would be obliged to remain up in the clouds an indefinite length of time—rather longer than would be convenient or comfortable."

As the professor continued his explanation his utterance grew thicker and thicker, and his remarks became incoherent.

In attempting to clamber into the car of the balloon he lost his balance and fell headlong to the floor, where he remained motionless.

The liquor had done its accursed work, and for the time the aeronaut's faculties were paralyzed.

Hank shook him, but it was impossible to awaken him from his drunken slumber.

The boy was about to turn away when he received a blow with some blunt instrument on the back of the head which instantly deprived him of consciousness.

As he sank to the ground a dark figure bent over him.

"Have I killed him?" muttered Rufus Harding, for the boy's assailant had been no other. "No, he still lives; he is only stunned. Shall I finish the job?"

Again he raised the heavy cane with which he had dealt the blow, but the next moment it dropped from his hands, and an exclamation escaped his lips.

"A better idea! I'll do it. Nothing but a miracle can save him, and suspicion can never rest on me."

He seized a coil of rope that lay upon the ground, and bound the boy hand and foot.

Then he lifted him into the balloon, not without some difficulty.

He next made an effort to lift the aeronaut from the car, but his strength proved inadequate to the task.

"Bah! let the drunken scoundrel be sacrificed, too! What matters it?" muttered the old man. "Now to cut the rope connecting with the valve—that's it. Hank Harding, you are doomed. I need have no fear that you will ever again cross my path."

With these words he severed the ropes that fastened the balloon down.

Like a thing of life it sprang up into the air; in a few moments it was lost to view in the cloudy heavens.

Rufus Harding hurried away, his sinister face aglow with triumph.

He now felt thoroughly independent of Rivers; and so far from having any emotions of remorse, his heart throbbed with exultation as he reentered the hotel.

As he strolled into the barroom he was met by Rivers, who greeted him with:

"Hello, old man, you seem to be in good spirits."

Harding gave him a supercilious stare as he replied:

"See here, my friend, I don't care to have you address me in public."

"What does all this mean, Harding?" demanded Rivers.

"It means simply this: that I want to have nothing to do with you."

"Very good. Then I shall take an early opportunity to interview your young nephew."

"Do so, by all means," said the old man.

Rivers stared at him in astonishment.

"What new scheme is this? You dare me to produce the will?"

"Of course I do. I do not believe that there is any such document in existence; but if there is and it is in your possession, I particularly request that you produce it."

"Where is the boy?" asked Rivers, with sudden suspicion.

"How do I know where he is?"

"Is he in his room?"

"Why don't you go and find out?"

"Rufus Harding," said the thief, bending a piercing glance upon his companion's face, "you have done away with that boy."

"Bah!" returned Harding. "I treat such an accusation with the scorn it deserves."

"You have done away with him, I say," repeated Rivers, "and you now think to defy me because, in the event of the boy's death, you, being the next of kin, would come into possession of the estate."

Rufus Harding made no reply, but turned to walk away, a self-satisfied smile wreathing his thin lips.

"You defy me?"

"I have said so. Go on; do your worst, and don't be surprised if I defend myself."

And the old man walked from the room, lighting a cigar as he went.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A PERILOUS EXPERIMENT.

Hank Harding awoke from a confused dream to find himself shivering with cold.

He attempted to move, but found that his hands and feet were securely bound; the ropes cut into his flesh, and even the slightest motion was painful.

The aeronaut lay beside him on the floor of the car, breathing heavily.

At first the boy did not perceive that the balloon was traveling, so quiet was its motion.

When at last he became aware of it he was more certain than ever that it was his uncle who had cut the airship loose and sent him and the drunken aeronaut on his voyage to the clouds.

With infinite pains he struggled to his feet and looked over the side of the car.

Clouds above, below, and on all sides. It was a strange, weird, thrilling sight.

The balloon was being borne along by a high wind at a velocity which Hank could not estimate, but which he knew must be very great.

Our hero sank down again, shivering from head to foot, for the cold was intense.

An hour passed, and then the strange, unnatural silence was broken by a groan from the aeronaut.

He was awakening from his drunken sleep.

"Wake up!" cried the boy again and again, and in every way in his power he tried to arouse the old man.

At last Burcher unclosed his eyes.

"What's all this?" he muttered sleepily. "Who are you?"

"Don't you know me?" said our hero. "I'm Hank Harding, and——"

"Yes, yes, I know you now," interrupted the aeronaut. "Whisky's got the best of me again! Some day it'll kill me—the sooner the better, perhaps. But what's all this? The balloon's in motion! What have you been doing, boy?"

And the professor arose to his feet.

"It's none of my doings," said Hank, and he briefly explained what had happened.

"Who could have done this?" said the old man musingly. "Have you any suspicion, Hank?"

The boy hesitated.

Then, remembering that his companion had confided to him the secret of his life, he told him of his uncle's enmity.

"The villain!" exclaimed the aeronaut, when he had finished. "He thought to rid himself entirely of you by this plan. But his scheme will fail, for the balloon is completely under my control, and——"

He paused.

As he spoke he felt for the rope connecting with the valve.

"Gone!" he gasped, a gray pallor overspreading his face. "We are lost!"

"What is it?" demanded the boy.

"The rope has been cut," explained his companion, bending over and severing Hank's bonds. "Our only means of escape is gone."

He helped the boy to his feet.

"You cannot lower the balloon?" cried our hero.

"No."

"What is to be done?"

"Nothing but to await our fate."

"Which will be——"

"Who can tell? See, a storm is coming! While it rages we shall undoubtedly perish. Hank, we are doomed!"

There certainly seemed every probability that the old man's prediction would be realized.

In a few minutes a terrific thunderstorm was raging.

The balloon was borne along at a frightful rate of speed; its two passengers gave themselves up for lost, and each breathed a prayer to Heaven, not for succor, but for forgiveness.

But a merciful Providence was kinder to them than they had dared to hope.

The storm subsided, the clouds rolled away, and the moon came out in all her splendor.

"A miraculous escape!" exclaimed Professor Burcher.

"But, after all," said Hank, "our sufferings are only prolonged."

"Not so," rejoined his companion; "there is now a chance of escape from the death that threatened us."

"A chance of escape?"

"Yes; look over the side."

The boy obeyed.

Thousands of feet beneath them rolled a wide river, illumined by the silvery rays of the moon.

The balloon was moving in the direction of the stream.

Hank gazed questioningly into the aeronaut's face.

"I do not understand you. What chance have we?"

"You see the river that flows beneath us?" said the aeronaut.

"Yes."

"We will drop into it."

"Drop into it?" repeated Hank, staring into the old man's face, half believing that the liquor he had taken had affected his brain.

Perhaps the professor guessed his thoughts, for he replied with a faint smile:

"I know what I am talking about, Hank. Look above you."

The boy did so.

"What do you see?"

"A sort of canopy."

"Exactly; if it is cut loose from the body of the balloon, it will enlarge and form a parachute."

"But how can the parachute be disconnected from the rest of the balloon?" asked Hank.

"By means of a very simple contrivance of mine; you see that rope yonder?"

"Yes."

"By pulling it a series of bolts, fastening the two parts together, will be drawn, the canopy will enlarge, and we shall fall, and, if I have made no mistake, will escape comparatively unharmed. It would be madness to risk it if terra firma were below, but I do not think we need fear the river."

The aeronaut paused suddenly; the expression of his face changed, and he uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"What is the matter?" cried Hank.

"The wind has changed, our speed has increased, we are being borne away from the river! Pull the rope! Quick!"

Without a moment's hesitation Hank obeyed.

Instantly the canopy expanded to nearly double its previous size, and a sudden, rude jolt showed the aerial voyagers that it had parted from the balloon.

The next instant one side of the parachute fell, the car toppled over, and both Hank and his companion were precipitated into space.

They were still at least two hundred feet above the surface of the river.

It took but a few seconds to descend that distance, but in that brief space of time every event in the life of each flashed through his brain.

The boy and his companion struck the water almost simultaneously, but at least ten feet from each other.

Hank arose to the surface unharmed.

His first act was to look for the aeronaut.

In a moment he saw him struggling in the water a dozen feet distant.

It was evident that the old man could not swim.

By a few powerful strokes our hero reached him, and seized him just as he was about to sink for the second time.

The shore was perhaps a hundred rods distant, and it was not without much difficulty that the boy reached it, burdened as he was with the helpless man, who clung to him with the traditional drowning man's grasp.

But he succeeded at last, and both he and the man he had saved sank in a half-unconscious condition upon the grassy sward.

In a few minutes Hank had recovered from his fatigue; and, rising, he assisted his companion to his feet.

"You have saved my life," said the old man, grasping his hand. "It was a noble act, but I know not whether to thank you or to curse you for it."

Hank gazed upon him in surprise.

"What is my life to me?" the aeronaut went on, bitterly. "What have I to live for? See!"

The boy looked in the direction in which he pointed, and saw, outlined against the clear, moonlit sky, the balloon, now only a tiny black speck.

"For years," said the old man, speaking half to himself, "my every thought has been of it. But for it I should have gone mad. It was my only refuge from thoughts of my lost Ethel."

Hank started.

"Ethel!" he repeated. "Was your daughter's name Ethel?"

"It was. Why do you ask?"

"Your sudden mention of the name startled me a little. I know a young lady named Ethel—Ethel Eastman."

Burcher grasped the boy's arm.

"Ethel Eastman!" he cried excitedly. "Is her reputed father's name Seth Eastman?"

"Yes," replied Hank, in surprise.

"My God!" exclaimed the old man, "my prayer is answered at last! I have found my child."

CHAPTER XXXII.

VIRTUE VINDICATED.

"Ethel your daughter!" exclaimed Hank. "Can it be possible?"

"God grant that this new hope prove not a false one!" cried the aeronaut. "Is this man, this Seth Eastman, master of a canal boat?"

"Yes."

"Then it is the same. This man—this wretch—is the one whom my cruel sister-in-law employed to steal my child. I suspected him in the beginning, but they cleverly put me off the track and led me to believe that I was mistaken. Oh, if I had but acted upon my first convictions my Ethel might have been restored to me long since, and I should have been spared all these years of misery. But tell me, Hank, what you know of my child?"

In reply, the boy informed him of his first singular meeting with Ethel and of the subsequent events with which the reader is already acquainted.

The old man listened with intense interest.

When Hank had finished he said:

"There can be no doubt that this girl is my daughter. Hank, my boy, do you not see how wonderfully an all-wise Providence has guided your footsteps to me? Come, let us be on our way. To-morrow must see my child once more clasped in my arms."

A few minutes' walk brought them to a village; and half an hour later, having been provided with dry clothes, they were on their way to New York.

Their journey was characterized by no event of special note.

Upon their arrival in New York the fond father's impatience would brook no delay; he must see his daughter at once.

So Hank accompanied him to her temporary home in Brooklyn, and was a witness of their meeting.

What pen can describe such a meeting as that? What words can portray the raptures of the old man, so long and cruelly separated from his child, as he once more clasped her in his arms?

Nor was Ethel's joy less intense.

"I am the happiest girl in the world," she said. "It

seems to me that I have nothing left to desire in life. And, father, we owe it all to Hank!"

After an hour's stay Hank returned to New York, leaving the professor with his new-found daughter.

He reported to Jones & Brown, and was warmly congratulated upon the excellent work he had accomplished.

Mr. Jones, too, offered as much of an apology as he thought consistent with his dignity as the boy's employer for his harshness at their former interview; and when Hank left it was with a much pleasanter feeling than on that occasion.

The next day our hero spent in Brooklyn, dividing his time between his friends and one of the large dry-goods houses, where he succeeded in making a sale.

As he entered his hotel in New York late in the afternoon, he almost ran against Bob Rivers.

The fellow started when he saw him, and exclaimed:

"So the old man didn't do away with you, after all."

Hank was about to brush past him without making any reply, but Rivers seized his arm.

"Wait!" he cried, almost pleadingly. "Do not refuse to listen to me or you may regret it all your life. I want to do the square thing by you."

Something in his manner impressed Hank, and he paused, asking:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Will you step into the reading room with me? There's no one else there. I want to have a talk with you."

"Yes."

When they were seated in the reading room Rivers said:

"One question I want to ask you: Your uncle made an attempt upon your life?"

"He did."

"He believes you dead now?"

"I think so."

"I knew it. I have just returned from Cliffdale. I went to sell him that will. He defied me, and had me ejected from his house. Of course if you were dead it would make no difference to him whether I produced the will or not. Now comes my revenge."

He drew a folded paper from his pocket.

"Here is your uncle's will, Mr. Harding. It is your property."

Hank hurriedly ran his eyes over the document.

"Where did you get it?"

"I stole it from your uncle the night that he murdered Robert Kirk."

"My uncle killed the lawyer?" exclaimed our hero.

"He did. As I told you, I witnessed the crime. But he shall suffer for it, the villain! And now, Mr. Harding, one word more."

"Go on."

"I like you—honestly, I do. I'm only a thief, and I've served time. It's hard for a fellow like me to change his way of living; people won't trust him. But I want to do it, for I see it's the best in the long run. Will you help me?"

Rivers' voice trembled, and Hank was surprised to see that there were tears in his eyes.

"I will," he replied promptly.

"Will you give me your hand on it?"

Hank extended his hand, and the young man grasped it.

"Thank you," he said. "Some day you may be glad that you made that promise."

On the morning following the events just related old Rufus Harding sat in his library, a paper in his hand.

"They have found no clew to the murderer of Robert Kirk," he muttered, with an evil smile. "No, nor will they. I am safe—safe."

The door suddenly opened, and, to the old man's amazement and horror, Hank Harding entered.

The millionaire sprang to his feet.

"You here—alive?" he gasped.

"Very much so," returned the boy composedly. "I have come to take possession of my property. Here is my Uncle Alan's will," and he drew the paper from his pocket.

Rufus Harding sprang forward, with the evident intention of seizing it.

But at this moment a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a short, thickset man, who had entered unseen, said quietly:

"Rufus Harding, you are my prisoner!"

"Who are you?" cried the old man.

"I am a detective."

"With what do you charge me?"

"With the murder of Robert Kirk."

There was a quick movement, a loud report, a heavy fall.

Rufus Harding had cheated the hangman and paid the wages of sin.

* * * * *

Our task is almost ended, and what little we have to add the reader has, doubtless, already guessed.

Hank Harding continued his onward and upward career, not abating his energy a whit because he had fallen heir to a large fortune.

He was born for a life of business, and was in his element when "hustling."

He is now a junior partner in one of the largest dry-goods stores on Broadway; and we may add that one of the most trusted employees of the house is Bob Rivers, the ex-thief, who faithfully adhered to his resolution to lead a better life, and proved himself a noble fellow at heart.

Seth Eastman was found, and forced to confess his part in the abduction of Ethel Burcher.

By his testimony the young girl's identity as the aeronaut's daughter was conclusively established.

Professor Burcher kept his promise to Hank.

He is a changed man now, and looks—and says he feels—ten years younger than when he first met our hero.

One of the pleasantest events of the writer's busy life occurred the other day, when he attended a quiet wedding in a little uptown church.

The bride—one of the prettiest that ever wore orange blossoms—was Ethel Eastman, and the groom—need we say it?—our old friend, Hank, the Hustler.

THE END.

HOW TO KEEP A KNIFE IN GOOD ORDER.

To keep jack and pocketknives in good temper, boys should try a little plan used by watchmakers in Germany. In the fire, or in a strong gas jet, bring the blade to a white heat. Then have a piece of common sealing wax ready, and stick the point or edge of the knife blade into it. The wax will melt just there, and

you must pull the blade out at once and stick it in again at some other place. Keep on thrusting the blade into the wax till it becomes so cold that it will not make a mark on the wax. It will then be found to have a fine temper that will keep a good edge for a long time.

A BRAVE IRISH BOY.

By Horatio Alger, Junior.

In the month of May, 1864, a boy of fifteen, with a small bundle under his arm, might have been seen walking wearily over a rough Kentucky road. His hair was brown, his eyes were gray, and there was a good-humored expression on his broad Celtic face, for our hero was an Irish boy, who had gone out into the world to seek his fortune.

"Where will I slape to-night?" thought Pat Roach, for this was his name. "Last night I slept on the ground, and it's stiff I was this morning."

At this moment his eyes fell upon a large and imposing mansion, on a little eminence to the right.

"Maybe they'll let me slape in the barn," he thought. "Anyway, I'll give 'em the chance."

He turned into the front gate, and walked up to the front door and knocked, for there was no bell.

The door was opened by a colored woman.

"Well, child, what you want?" she inquired, not unkindly.

"Can you let me slape in the barn?" asked Pat.

"What does the boy want, Chloe?" asked a young lady, who had just entered the broad hall.

"He wants to sleep in the barn, Miss Jennie."

The young lady came forward and looked pleasantly at the boy.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Pat Roach, miss."

"Where are you going?"

"To seek my fortune, miss."

"Haven't you a home?"

"Yes, miss, but there's more of us than father can kape, and I'm the oldest. So I'm goin' out for myself."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"On the ground."

"That was a pity. You didn't enjoy it, did you?"

"Not much," said Pat, shrugging his shoulders, "but it was ch'aper."

"I suppose you haven't much money?" said the young lady, smiling.

"Divil a cint, miss."

"Have you had any supper?"

"Yes, miss; I've had a cracker."

"You must be still hungry?"

"Try me and see," said Pat drolly.

"I will," said the young lady, smiling. "Chloe, take this boy into the kitchen and give him a good supper."

"And may I slape in the barn afterward, miss?"

"No, but you may sleep in the house. Chloe, let him occupy the little back room on the second floor."

"Thank you, miss," said Pat gratefully. "It'll be a fine thing to slape in a real bed again."

Chloe was well disposed to second the benevolent intentions of her young mistress. She gave Pat the best meal he had eaten for months, and drew out the boy's story, which Pat was quite ready to tell. In return she

told the boy that the estate was owned by Mrs. Stanton and her daughter, who were left wealthy by the late Mr. Stanton, who had died during the last year. Besides herself there was a manservant, but he was lying sick with a fever.

"You'd better hire me," suggested Pat, "while he's sick."

"You can't do a man's work, chile."

"Try me and see," said Pat. "I can ate a man's supper, anyway."

"You're right there, honey," said Chloe, showing her teeth.

A little after eight o'clock Pat, being fatigued with his long tramp, went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. Mrs. Stanton and her daughter sat in a room on the second floor, one working and the other reading aloud, when the daughter, approaching the window, descried to her alarm a company of men, ten in number, approaching the house.

At this time it was not uncommon for small roving bands passing themselves off as Confederate soldiers, but really only robbers intent upon plunder, to scour the country, forcing their entrance into lonely houses, and carrying off whatever of value they could find.

Now it happened that Mrs. Stanton, who had recently received a large payment, had no less than two thousand dollars in Northern greenbacks in her house, and these she feared would be discovered in ransacking the house, and carried off. This money was uppermost in her mind and that of her daughter.

"What shall we do with the money, Jennie?" she asked, in a tone of distress. "Where can we hide it?"

"I know of no safe place. The house will be thoroughly searched."

"But I can't afford to lose it," said Mrs. Stanton, in dismay.

"Give it to me, mother. I have thought of a way of saving it. There is some risk about it, but it may do."

From a bureau drawer the mother took a large roll of bills, and, with trembling hands, delivered it to her daughter.

"What are you going to do, Jennie?"

"I will tell you afterward. Now there is no time."

The young lady summoned Chloe, briefly explained her purpose, and proceeded to the room occupied by Pat Roach.

Pat awoke, on being shaken, and stared in surprise at his visitors.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"Are you an honest boy? Can I trust you?" asked the young lady abruptly.

"I never stole a cint in my life," said Pat proudly.

"I will trust you then," said Jennie briefly. "There are some robbers approaching the house, who will enter and carry off whatever they can find. Now we have two thousand dollars in the house."

"Two thousand dollars!" ejaculated Pat, in amazement.

"Yes. The only place they won't think of searching is your pocket. Dress as quickly as possible and put this money in your pocket."

"Yes, miss. What will I do then?"

"These men will probably stay all night. Early in the morning—before sunrise—you must leave the house, and stay away till ten or eleven o'clock. Chloe will give you some food to carry with you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, miss."

"By ten probably these men will be gone, and you can bring back the money."

"Yes, miss. I'll bring it back faithfully."

Loud knocks were heard at the door, and the two hurried away. Opening the front door, they confronted the troop of marauders.

"What do you want at this late hour?" asked Jennie.

"Supper and shelter for the night," answered the leader.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Captain Jones, of the Confederate army."

"Why are you away from the main army, sir?"

"That's my business," answered the so-styled Captain Jones impudently.

"If you insist on entering, you must, but we object to turning our house into a camp."

"Can't help it, miss. It's one of the necessities of war. File in, men."

Chloe was obliged to produce from the pantry all the cooked food in the house, and the men did justice to it. Jennie Stanton remained up, feeling in no humor to go to bed. When the repast was over, Captain Jones said:

"Miss Stanton, I learn that you have a large sum of money in the house. We must have it."

"What, would you plunder us?" asked the young lady indignantly.

"We don't take it for ourselves. It is for the cause," said the leader hypocritically. "You may as well bring it at once, and save the trouble of a search. You can't deny that the money was paid you last Monday."

"I don't deny it," said the young lady intrepidly, "but it has already passed out of our possession."

"I don't believe it," said the captain, looking very much disappointed.

"Then you can search the house," said Jennie, outwardly bold, but inwardly trembling lest the money should be discovered.

"I will," said Captain Jones. "Of course, where such a large amount is concerned, we cannot trust the word of any one."

"Very well, sir, proceed. Chloe, go with these gentlemen."

She slipped away to inform her mother of what she had done, and put her on her guard.

In the course of the search they came to Pat's room.

"Who sleeps here?" asked the leader.

"A poor Irish boy, who asked for a lodging."

"Let me see him."

The door was thrown open, and Pat stared at his new visitor.

"What's your name, boy?" asked Jones.

"Pat Roach."

"Do you live here?"

"No, sir; the ladies let me slape here to-night. They gave me a good supper besides."

"Where are you traveling?"

"I'm seekin' my fortune."

"Are those your clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

To Chloe's great alarm, Captain Jones took up Pat's poor garments, and thrust his hands into the pockets. But she need not have been alarmed. Pat had taken out the bills, and put them under the sheet upon which he was lying. Only a cent was found in the pockets.

"You are not very rich?" said Jones.

Pat laughed.

"If I was, what would I be sakin' my fortune for?" he answered.

"There's nothing here," said Jones unsuspectingly.

The search continued, and a few articles of small value were discovered, but the great prize was not to be found. Captain Jones concluded that Miss Stanton was right, after all, and contented himself with what he had found.

About four o'clock in the morning Pat was called by Chloe, who gave him some provisions in a paper, and let him out.

"You'll come back?"

"Nivir fear," said Pat.

About nine o'clock Captain Jones and his party, after an ample breakfast, left the house. Still Mrs. Stanton felt nervous and anxious about the money.

"Jennie," she said, "that boy will never come back."

"I think he will, mother."

"It was a crazy idea trusting a poor Irish boy, whom we had never seen before last night, with so large a sum."

"It was the only thing we could do, mother. If we lose it, it will be no worse than having Captain Jones take it."

"Two thousand dollars will be a great temptation to a boy like that."

"Mother, I like that boy's face. I will stake a great deal on his honesty."

"When you have lived as long as I have, Jennie, you won't be so ready to trust a stranger. Why, the boy is only a tramp."

"Even a tramp may be honest."

Mrs. Stanton sighed.

"Depend upon it," she said, "we shall never see the money again."

Two hours passed. It was after eleven, and still nothing was to be seen of Pat. The young lady herself grew nervous. After all, perhaps her mother was right.

But at half past eleven there was a knock at the door. It was opened, and there stood Pat.

"Have you got the money?" asked Chloe breathlessly.

"Every dollar of it," said Pat promptly.

"What made you so long?"

Pat explained that he met Captain Jones and his men, who made him black all their boots, and this detained him an hour. For this service they gave him a five-dollar Confederate note, which was far from being an extravagant remuneration for the labor, depreciated as it was.

"He didn't think I had such a big pile of money in my pocket," chuckled Pat. "I could have paid him better for blackin' my boots."

"Did you come here directly after you left him?"

"No, miss. I didn't dare, for fear he would suspect something. I came as soon as I could. Here's the money, miss, and I'll bid you good-by."

Jennie said a few words to her mother. Then she turned to Pat.

"How would you like to live with us?" she asked.

"Tiptop!" answered Pat promptly.

"Then you shall do so. You shall not be wholly a servant, but we will see that you are educated and prepared for a good position hereafter. You have shown yourself worthy of our confidence, and you will find us not ungrateful."

So Pat found a home and friends. He had sought his fortune and found it. He is now a prosperous and thriving man, and has been able to provide for his parents, and help along his younger brothers and sisters. Had he abused the confidence reposed in him, and carried off the two thousand dollars, it is hardly likely that his future would have been as bright.

CATCHING WILD TURKEYS.

Jim White, of Foster, Iowa, may be a shrewd sportsman, but every boy that reads this article will consider him as tricky as a heathen Chinese in the way he catches wild turkeys.

A large forest surrounds Jim's farm, and it is full of wild turkeys. In the spring old Jim spends most of his time hunting for their nests and occasionally capturing the birds alive. This he accomplishes in a novel manner, yet the process is much more matter of fact than sportsmanlike.

He first discovers the turkey's roosting place, and then, under cover of darkness, he fires a brush heap near the tree, which he has previously prepared, and while the turkey's attention is attracted to the flames, Jim creeps up the tree with his appliance used for making the capture. This consists of several sections of strong bamboo rods, jointed like a fishing rod, and may be extended twenty or thirty feet in length. At the top end is secured a saucer-shaped vessel, over which a small bottle is fastened, neck downward. To the cork is attached a cord, which runs the entire length of the rod. The bottle is then filled with chloroform, and under cover of dark shadows Jim noiselessly elevates the drug to within a short distance of the turkey's nose. He then pulls the string, causing the cork to withdraw and allowing the drug to fall into the vessel. The fluid is at once inhaled, and the bird presently drops to the ground, stupified.

A HUMILIATED MAN.

One day as I sat in the Union Depot at Cleveland, waiting to go East, a big, bluff farmer-looking man took a seat beside me, and we were talking about this and that, when a mite of a boy, ragged and dirty, and looking as if half starved, came along and asked for alms. He knew it was against orders, and he kept one eye on the policeman as he moved around. Each of us gave him something, and he went over to a man who was reading a paper. He received no response to his request, and repeated it, when the brute lowered his paper and gave the lad a cruel box on the ear. The boy cried out and came running back to us, and the next moment the big man crossed the space between the benches and loomed up before the man with the paper like a mountain. His face was white with anger, and he trembled all over as he demanded:

"Did you strike that child?"

"The little beggar annoyed me," was the reply.

"Look there!" thundered the big man, as he turned and pointed to the lad. "You've struck a poor, wee child, ragged, hungry, and heartsick! See his tears! I came over here calculating to pick you up and break you in two over the bench, but I'm going to leave you to that God who watches over the poor and helpless and downtrodden. For every tear that child has shed

Heaven will demand a drop of your blood! You are a thing, not a man—a creeping, crawling, contemptible thing!"

The other rose up, eyes flashing and lips compressed, and it was evident that he meant to resent the words. Just then, however, the lad, still digging the tears out of his eyes with his fists, came forward and took the big man by the hand and said:

"Don't fight. Come away. Mother is awful sick."

The big man returned to his seat, too full to say a word for a moment, and during this interval the stranger sat down, got up again, lifted up his grip, and replaced it, and finally walked over and stood before us and said:

"To say that I'm ashamed and humiliated does not half express it. Here, child, take this."

And he left a twenty-dollar bill in the lad's hand and walked from the depot with hurried step, while the big man drew a long breath and said:

"I guess I was too hard on him, after all. I guess he believes in God, and has got a boy of his own. Come, sonny, I'll go with you to see about that sick mother."

TAFT IN AN AEROPLANE.

Robert J. Collier, president of the Aero Club of America, declares that the practical use of the aeroplane for commercial and war purposes will increase many fold during the present year. He predicts that within a few years the president of the United States, in making a swing around the circle, will ride in a limousine aeroplane.

ORIGIN OF THE "THREE R'S."

The famous toast to the "the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic"—was made by Sir William Curtis, lord mayor of London, in the year 1795, and for many years one of the wardens of the Tower. What made it more ludicrous was that he proposed it at a dinner given by the London board of education. It was received with great applause and drunk amid much merriment.

At the time, it was recognized as a jest, but was afterward taken up in earnest by the mayor's detractors, who have handed his name down to posterity as a blundering ignoramus. A writer has now come to his defense, and says that when he was a boy an aged member of the board of education assured him that Sir William knew better, and that he really used his famous alliteration as a jest. To many people, however, the story will always sound better when it is based upon the belief that Sir William was really serious.

"UMPIRE FARMING."

President Lynch, of the National League, will experiment this season with his scheme of training the young minor-league umpires for the National League. This plan has been suggested a number of times, but has never been given a real trial. Mr. Lynch now has nine umpires on his staff, which allows for four pairs to work under the double-umpire system, and an extra man for substitute. The plan of President Lynch is to pick out two or three young umpires and farm them to minor leagues, from which they can be recalled in a short time. These youngsters will be given a chance in the National League toward the end of each season, and may be called on to do emergency work.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Man Who Jumped on Roosevelt's Would-be Assassin Tells of Shooting.

Mr. Martin, to whom Colonel Roosevelt perhaps owes his life, has told this story of his adventure:

"I walked downstairs with the colonel and out to the car," he said, "and had taken my seat before anything happened. As Colonel Roosevelt was standing in the car waving his hat to the crowd, the flash of metal caught my eye. Before I knew what I was doing, I jumped over the side of the car and had my arm around the neck of a man I had hardly seen. Everything seemed to happen at once.

"There was a flash, a sound of a shot, and I was on the ground with the man. I threw one arm about his neck and held him fast. At the same time I caught his gun with my free hand and wrenched the revolver from him. He struggled for a minute, but in spite of the fact that he was acting like a madman he did not keep up the fight long, and with the help of Captain Girard, I soon had him under control.

"I picked the man up and held him where Colonel Roosevelt could see him.

"The poor creature," said the colonel.

"I put the revolver into my pocket and began to drag the man out of the crowd, which was on us in a minute, struggling to get at the prisoner.

"The colonel saw the man was in danger, and it was his act which saved him. He told the crowd to stand back, and they did. Captain Girard and I dragged him into the hotel and turned him over to the police.

"We came back to the automobile and started for the auditorium. As we were riding along, McGrath called the colonel's attention to a hole in his overcoat. Colonel Roosevelt unbuttoned his coats.

"Why, I'm bleeding," he said, but he insisted his wound wasn't serious, and that he must not disappoint his crowd at the auditorium. So we drove on."

Martin exhibited the revolver which he had captured from the would-be assassin. It was a large weapon, evidently newly purchased, of thirty-eight caliber.

New \$20 Counterfeit Discovered.

Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, has announced the discovery of a new counterfeit \$20 bank note. It is an imitation of the note "Mesa County National Bank of Grand Junction, Colo.," and bears the portrait of Washington. The series number is missing. The counterfeit is said to be a very crude production, printed from poor wood cuts, and should not deceive the ordinary handler of moneys.

After Forty Years Must Answer for Crime.

After having successfully concealed his identity and escaped the strong arm of the law for forty years, Freeman Long, now an aged man of sixty-eight years, wanted in Elmore County, Ala., for murder, has been apprehended at Palmetto, Ga., where he has lived for a long time as one of Campbell County's respected citizens.

Recently, the sheriff of Elmore County called at the governor's office in the capitol with a requisition for Long. He was

accompanied by William Berry, son of John A. Berry, the man whom Long slew forty years ago. The son was nine years old when his father was killed. He is now forty-nine.

During all the intervening years William Berry has been working with a view to locating and bringing to justice the man who made him an orphan. Recently he learned that Long was at Palmetto. He immediately notified the sheriff of Elmore County and the two secured from Governor O'Neal a requisition on Governor Brown for Long, who had in the meantime been taken in custody by the sheriff of Campbell County upon a telegram from Governor Brown.

After Governor Brown granted the requisition William Berry and the Alabama sheriff left for Palmetto. They will take Long back to Elmore County for trial on the forty-year-old indictment, he having escaped jail before he could be tried.

Gets \$3,750 for Being Made to Ride in the "Jim Crow" Car.

Miss Rella Ritchel, of Kokomo, Ind., who was forced to ride in a "Jim Crow" car and finally put off a train while riding through Kentucky a little more than a year ago, has received word from her attorneys at Frankfort, Ky., that the court of appeals has awarded her \$3,750 damages. Miss Ritchel, who is a Jewess, has a dark complexion, and was unable to make the members of the train crew understand that she was entitled to ride with white persons.

Cool Engineer Saves Train.

Passengers on a Northern Pacific passenger train bound to Fargo, N. D., have adopted resolutions thanking the engineer, William Dalzell, of Dillworth, Minn., for his prompt action which probably saved their lives. The train, which was running at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, went into an open switch at Oriska, N. D., and struck a freight train standing on a siding. The engine and baggage car left the track and were overturned, but no one was injured. The passengers assert that cool-headed work of the engineer prevented a more serious wreck.

To Probe Sins of Pittsburgh Smoke.

Is Pittsburgh's smoke responsible for Pittsburgh's winebibbing and naughtiness? That's the question which is being investigated by 25 experts under the supervision of the department of industrial research of the University of Pittsburgh. They are making a sweeping investigation of smoke. They propose to find out how much crime, disease, and mental morbidity it breeds; and how much smoke costs Pittsburgh for laundry bills and clothes and damage to buildings.

A psychiatrist will investigate the relations between smoke-induced fogs and certain forms of mental depression. The effect of smoke on mental and physical diseases is to be considered by eight prominent physicians.

The scope of the investigation is dis-

cussed in a pamphlet issued by the University of Pittsburgh, and it is pointed out that the Pittsburgh experts expect to find that their smoke has the same effect as smoke in England—in diminishing vitality and in increasing the consumption of alcohol and other stimulants.

Smoke is also stated to be the cause of pneumonia, tuberculosis, diseases of the nose and throat, and diseases of the eye. Investigation will be followed along these lines.

On the financial side, architects are going to investigate the deterioration of buildings due to smoke. Statistics will also be prepared showing what smoke costs Pittsburgh in additional expense of operating buildings, due to cleaning and upkeep. Statistics will be obtained showing the increase in laundry and dry-cleaning bills due to smoke, and its responsibility will be fixed for wear and tear on clothing, curtains, carpets, wall paper, and other household goods.

It has been estimated that the smoke nuisance costs Chicago \$50,000,000 per year, Cincinnati \$8,000,000, and Cleveland \$6,000,000. It is expected that Pittsburgh's figures will approximate those of Chicago.

Been in Professional Baseball 22 Years.

Joe Kelley, manager of the Torontos, who have won the International League pennant this year, has been identified with professional baseball for twenty-two years. He began his career with a pennant winner—the champion Boston Nationals in 1891. He played left field for the Baltimore Orioles, winners of the pennant in 1894, 1895, and 1896. Kelley was captain of the Brooklyn, who under Edward Hanlon's management won the National League championship in 1899 and 1900. It was in 1907 that Kelley landed the Eastern League pennant for the Toronto club. Because of this feat he became manager of the Boston Nationals and the Cincinnati Reds, with whom he did not accomplish much. Then he returned to Toronto, the Maple Leafs finishing fourth in 1909 and again in 1910, third place being attained last season. For eleven consecutive years in the major leagues Kelley batted over .300.

Wants Son Happily Married.

The will of David McMahon, an eccentric millionaire, as offered for probate in Philadelphia, instructs the executors to pay Daniel J. McMahon, a son, \$25 per week if he remains single and to increase the amount to \$50 if he marries. The testator adds that he did not believe two persons could live as cheaply as one, and his desire was that his son be happily married.

Gypsy Throws Count Through Glass Door.

The almost unintelligible "class" distinctions which are ingrained in Hungarian society have been the cause of an amusing ending in a quarrel at Budapest between two bathers.

Count Karl Esterhazy, a lieutenant of hussars, was entering his cabin at the Hungarian baths when he collided with Ladislav Racz, the middle-aged son of Paul Racz, so-called king of the gypsies. The

count and the gypsy were both undressed. Annoyed by the collision, the count slapped the gypsy in the face; the gypsy seized the count and slung him through a glass door. The count, severely cut, was removed to a hospital.

The gypsy was horrified on learning his victim's identity, and the count was extremely angry to hear that his assailant was Racz, since the gypsy's social position renders it impossible for the count to seek vengeance by the usual method between gentlemen—the duel.

Volcanoes Make 3 New Islands.

Three new islands without vegetation supposed to be the result of a recent marine upheaval were discovered 60 miles to the southwest of Juan Fernandez by the captain of the steamship *Glenalvon*, who reported them on his arrival at Valparaiso, Chile.

Explorer Finds Remains of Two Primeval Monsters in Western Canada.

Perfect skeletons of two primeval monsters found in the Red Deer district of western Canada are among ten tons of fossils for the Victoria memorial museum, brought to Ottawa, Canada, by Charles H. Sternberg, the American explorer, who was engaged by the Canadian government for explorations in that region. One of the skeletons, named by Mr. Sternberg a duck-bill dinosaur, weighed more than 6,000 pounds, and is thirty-five feet long. The explorer estimated the period when this animal lived as 3,000,000 years ago.

Another specimen known as the triceratops (three horn trace) had a skull seven feet in length, with horns over each eye and one at the end of the nose. Mr. Sternberg also found remains of lizards of enormous proportions. He expects to return to the Red Deer region next June.

Life in Paris is Growing More Expensive.

On all hands one hears complaints that life in Paris is growing daily dearer. Perhaps it is not only that prices are going up, but that people are becoming more extravagant.

For instance, the state has decided to abolish the 5-centimes cigar, black and guarled and strong, which the cabmen used to puff with obvious satisfaction to themselves, if not to their fares.

It is true that it is to replace it by a slimmer and sleeker cigar at the same price, and no doubt of the same quality of tobacco; but it is probable that the new 5-centimes cigar will prove, like its predecessor, a drug on the market, the fact being that no one smokes 5-centimes cigars now.

The cabby, after dinner in his little restaurant, calls for a Havana, which may cost him anything from 50 centimes upward. Yet, not so many years ago, there were only two or three places in Paris where cigars costing more than 50 centimes each could be bought loose. Now there is not the smallest shop in the poorest quarter where the passer-by cannot purchase an expensive Havana.

Asks Forgiveness for Cheating Railroad 19 Years Ago.

In a letter to B. A. Worthington, president of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, J. B. Smith, of Quinlan, Tex., asks forgiveness for having "beaten" the road out of his fare for a ride of 283 miles in 1893.

He said he believed God had forgiven him, and that he hoped the company would. If informed how much he owed the road, he would pay it when able. President Worthington wrote Smith that he was absolved from any claim the road might have on him, and added: "We hope that you had a pleasant ride on the 283-mile trip, even if you did not pay any fare. Let us hope that when you start on your last trip to meet God, if you are required to ride over 14 different railroads to get to your destination, your last ride will be under as pleasant auspices as the 283 miles over the Alton in 1893." Smith said he owed confessions to 14 different railroads.

Express Companies Fear Lower Rates.

A net loss of \$33,000,000 a year in the revenues of the express companies and the railroads would result from putting into effect the express rates proposed by the interstate commerce commission, according to figures submitted by the companies to the commission.

This loss, it was estimated, would be evenly divided between the express and railroad companies. Representatives of both classes of transportation companies protested vigorously against the enforcement of the proposed rates. It was asserted by counsel for the express companies that the commissioner's rates would practically put their clients out of business.

The hearing was attended by about 300 representatives of express and railway companies and by attorneys for many commercial organizations and shippers. The shippers generally approved the commission's suggested rates.

Shaved by a Barber First Time in 100 Years.

Thomas Manes, 100 years old, who resides in Orwell, Ohio, was given his first shave by a barber recently in Warren, Ohio. The centenarian has frequently been shaved, but he has always performed the operation himself.

Mr. Manes evidenced a great deal of curiosity as William Horner, proprietor of a barber shop in Main Street, pulled a throttle on the side of the chair and prepared him for the ordeal. After his countenance had been shaved, he said that he rather liked the sensation of having a razor drawn across his face while he was being given all of the latest political gossip.

Throws 16-pound Hammer 181 Feet.

Throwing the 16-pound hammer from a nine-foot circle at Celtic Park, in New York, Matt McGrath, of the Irish-American A. C., made a new world's record of 181 feet 4 inches. The former mark was 179 feet 6¾ inches, made by John Flanagan at the same grounds four years ago.

Colonel Roosevelt Has Had Several Close Escapes from Death.

Theodore Roosevelt has been singularly fortunate in all cases where his life was in danger, and has never been injured seriously in any of them. His most severe injuries were received in 1902, when his carriage was struck by a trolley car near Pittsfield, Mass. William Craig, a secret-service operative, who was riding with him, was killed. The driver, David J. Pratt, was injured.

Although Mr. Roosevelt was thrown heavily to the road he was only scratched and bruised, and after picking himself up

examined the motorman as to the cause of the accident. With Mr. Roosevelt at that time was George B. Cortelyou and Senator Murray Crane; neither was injured.

In October, 1905, while on board the lighthouse tender *Magnolia*, bound down the Mississippi River, the vessel was rammed by the fruit steamer *Esporta*, near New Orleans; several holes were torn in the *Magnolia's* hull. The captain drove her head onto a mud bank, where she remained until the next morning. The shock of the collision aroused Mr. Roosevelt from his berth, but after asking a few questions, he returned to his stateroom, and, with his party, was taken off by the lighthouse tender *Ivy*.

Last summer, when on his way to Chicago, a large boulder rolled onto the tracks; the train ran over it, jolting the cars and damaging the engine to such extent that it had to be replaced. Trainmen said the escape was lucky.

Like all presidents of recent years, Mr. Roosevelt was threatened, both in Washington and Oyster Bay, by "cranks," but none ever attempted open violence.

Southern Pacific Buys Electric Locomotives.

The Southern Pacific Railroad has awarded to the Westinghouse Company the contract to furnish \$700,000 worth of electric locomotives and cars to be used on suburban lines in Los Angeles. The sale is considered especially important, marking the beginning of the electrification of suburban lines in the West. Fifteen locomotives will be furnished at the contract price, it is said, and the company contemplates the purchase of 100 more.

Following Los Angeles' lead, the Illinois Central intends to electrify its suburban trains in Chicago, and San Francisco roads plan similar improvements, it is reported. The New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Pennsylvania, and the Piedmont line, in South Carolina, are the only roads at present where electric locomotives are superseding the steam engine.

Oldest Telegrapher Dead.

Henry Chester Hepburn, said to have been the oldest telegrapher in the country, is dead at his home at Babylon, N. Y., 81 years old. He was a close friend of President Arthur, who often visited him.

He helped install the first telegraph line west of the Alleghenies, and sent the first message from Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Hepburn was wealthy, and formerly held a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

Bull Gores Woman to Death.

Gored horribly, the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Young, 61 years old, wife of a prosperous farmer living on a farm three miles north of New Castle, Pa., was found in a field by neighbors, after an hour's search.

Mrs. Young left home to go to a neighbor's house, and when she did not return for dinner search was instituted. Blood on the horns of a bull led to the finding of her body. She had been dead for almost an hour.

Way is Made Hard for Alien Chinese.

Effective work is being done by the Chinese immigration inspectors in California in preventing the smuggling of Chinese immigrants into this country, according to Immigration Inspector J. C. Hise, who has

just returned from San Francisco, where he went to deport a Chinaman found in Salt Lake City.

According to Mr. Hise, the smuggling is done principally from Mexico. The usual fee of the smuggler, if he is successful in bringing his charge into the country without detection, is \$500 per head. Little smuggling is done now from Canada, because there is a head tax of \$500 for each Chinaman who enters Canada, and he would probably have to pay as much more to be smuggled into this country. They can enter Mexico free, so that the only cost is the smuggler's fee for bringing them into the United States.

The usual system, according to Inspector Hise, is for the Orientals to board a launch on the western coast of Mexico, near the American border line. The launch, in charge of the smuggler, comes up the California coast, slips into some harbor, and under cover of night lands its unlawful passengers, who are then taken in charge by some Chinese agent and brought into San Francisco.

Formerly the smuggler used to get a fee of \$200, \$300, or even \$500 before the Chinese was started for this country from Mexico. In case the smuggler and his band were discovered the Chinese would be deported and would be out their cash. But now they deposit \$500 with a Chinese agent in San Francisco before they start, and the smuggler cannot collect until he has safely landed his charge. This has discouraged many from operating, as they used to be able to use the money they received to defend themselves in case of prosecution.

Western Farms Growing More Valuable.

The price of good, improved farms in the Middle West are running very high. Reverend Doctor Hillis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., stated in a recent lecture that "the average farm of 160 acres in southern Iowa or eastern Nebraska is worth \$20,000, and the average farmer is the richest average man of any community in the world." Doctor Hillis added to the interest of his statement by saying: "I have a signed statement before me of one prosperous farmer in York County. Thirty years ago this man arrived on his homestead with \$280, a wagon, and a yoke of oxen. To-day he has 1,480 acres of land, and his banker told me the farmer's land was worth \$225,000." Doctor Hillis was well within the facts. A Chicago dispatch to a New York paper only recently reported farm values as follows:

In southwest Ohio they are \$140 an acre. In central Iowa they range from \$110 to \$125; in central Indiana up to \$192. In Illinois they range from \$125 to \$290, and sales were recently made in eastern Illinois at \$235, an advance of 25 per cent within a short time. In Iowa a few points report 25 per cent advance, ranging from \$125 to \$225; in northern Missouri \$125 to \$175; in Kansas, \$75 to \$150; in Oklahoma, \$60 to \$100—all depending upon the character of the improvements.

River Thieves in England Must Beat Motor Boats.

River thieves on the Thames River, in England, will soon have to carry on their operations in face of a police force with modern equipment. Experiments are proceeding with the object of providing a

suitable motor boat to replace the clumsy old converted rowboats which now handicap the efforts of the river police.

The river force, consisting of 120 men, was recently supplied with rowboats fitted with gas engines. These craft, but slightly faster than when rowed by hand, are so noisy that the river pirates are given ample warning of the presence of the police.

Although the pillage of the river thieves as compared with the days of Dickens is small, their numbers are considerable, and constant vigilance is required by the police to check their depredations.

Even Stole the Roof of the House.

When Charles Rosso and his family returned to their home in Koppel, Pa., following a visit to New York, they found the roof of their home was gone and every article of furniture, including a cookstove and cooking utensils, was also missing. A search in near-by homes revealed furniture, pictures, and dishes belonging to Rosso.

Rosso visited Justice John Sturgeon, and swore out a search warrant. He will proceed to garner his belongings. He told the justice if he "could only find his roof he would not care so much."

Let Go When He Beat Man for Calling Him Lizzie.

"He called me Lizzie, your honor; that's why I walloped him," explained John J. Powers.

"Any man who calls another Lizzie ought to get hit," said Judge Nickerson, of Fall River.

Thereupon the case in the district court ended by the judge dismissing the charge of assault and battery against Powers.

William McHugh came to court nursing a painful jaw. He admitted that he had called Powers Lizzie.

"Sure I did," he said. "I called him dear, too, but I don't see any harm in that."

Former Wealthy Broker, Convicted of Fraud, Will Pay Creditors.

Cardenio F. King, one time wealthy broker and newspaper owner, who is serving a sentence in Bridgewater, Mass., for fraud, soon is to declare a 5 per cent dividend in favor of his creditors. This will make 25 per cent for his unsecured creditors.

Since he was sent to jail, King, who is in the hospital in Bridgewater, where he was sent from the Charlestown State Prison, has insisted that he was a victim of circumstances and of enemies. His lawyer recently sought his release, on the ground that an operation by skilled surgeons outside of prison walls is necessary to save his life, but a pardon was refused by Governor Foss.

Germany Experimenting With "Crewless Vessel."

The secret of Germany's submarine flotilla is out. Until now nothing has been allowed to be made public as to its strength, but an authoritative statement just issued says that it consists of sixteen boats, of which fifteen are in commission, while the new naval program adopted this year contemplates ultimately a fleet of seventy-two submarines.

A considerable number of these vessels are already under construction, so that the establishment of a second flotilla at Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea (the present boats are all stationed in the Baltic Sea at

Kiel) is expected shortly. About one-fourth of the total personnel required for the seventy-two submarines is already under training, the list at present showing 57 officers, 25 engineer officers, 210 warrant and petty officers, and 306 seamen.

The admiralty is experimenting with the "crewless motor boat," the invention of a German engineer, the steering and engine control of which are operated by wireless telegraphy. The boat gave a number of successful exhibitions near Munich and Berlin last year, stopping, starting, and answering the helm perfectly in response to wireless directions sent from a short station, and the naval authorities believe it may be made a useful auxiliary to the submarines and torpedo boats.

Parlor Stove Proves to be a Poor Bank.

It cost Mrs. Chauncey Castleman \$68 to heat her home on the west towpath, Syracuse, but when she lighted the fire she had no idea that it would be so expensive.

Because of a burglary scare, Mrs. Castleman took a purse which contained \$32, her husband's pension check for \$36, and other papers, and hid them in the top of her new parlor stove.

About 5:30 o'clock when she expected her daughter home from school to study, she decided to light the fire, giving no thought to the money she had hidden in the stove.

The fire smoked badly and the smoke had a peculiar odor, but Mrs. Castleman thought the new blacking on the stove caused it. It was not until her daughter arrived home and investigated that Mrs. Castleman remembered the pocketbook. It was then burned to ashes.

They Tried Horse Meat at Pittsburgh Zoo.

Insult is to be added to injury in the case of Father Pitt and the horse.

During last year hundreds of horses have been displaced in Pittsburgh, Pa., through the motorizing of the police and fire bureaus equipment.

Comes now Director Howard B. Oursler, who proposes to feed the flesh of the horse to the animals of the Pittsburgh zoological gardens instead of beef, which has become too expensive. The first horse to be slaughtered for this purpose was purchased for \$11.

The bureau of costs estimates that the city pays an average of 7 cents per pound for the meat it feeds the animals, at the rate of about 2,000 pounds a month. Horseflesh will cost 1½ cents per pound when the city subtracts \$5 per horse from the purchase price. This \$5 represents the price of the hide.

Old horses will be purchased, but the city veterinarian will see that none but those free from disease are purchased. The saving will amount to many hundreds of dollars each year, as the price of the so-called "soapfat" horses never goes above \$15.

Dynamite Not Able to Kill this Dog.

"A dog's life might not be so bad, after all," meditated William Meek, of Chico, Cal., as he dodged the muddy caresses of a valuable hunting dog which had just rescued himself from a seventy-five-foot well.

When the dog fell into the abandoned well, Meek despaired of rescuing him, so he threw three sticks of dynamite down the shaft to end his misery. When the

noise of the explosion died away the dog was still whining and paddling around the walls. Meek started home for a gun. As he approached the house, the dog ran out to meet him. Investigation showed that the dynamite had opened up an old tunnel running into the well, and the dog had escaped with the rush of water.

Legless Man Runs Away from Crowd.

A legless man said to be named Sibley, who walks on leather-incased stumps, escaped from a crowd of four or five persons at Louisville, Ky., after cutting a woman with whom he had had a quarrel earlier in the evening.

Says Perfumes Are Poisonous.

"Many women afflicted with neurasthenia and hysteria, owe their condition very largely to self-poisoning with perfumes."

This assertion, made by Hudson Maxim, the scholar, was uttered in dispute of a theory advanced by an admirer of perfumes, who stated that air laden with sweet scent bewitches the imagination, elevates the mind, and refreshes the body.

"The fact that perfumes with which most women scent themselves are highly obnoxious to me has led me to investigate somewhat the physiological effects of various odors, and to make many inquiries about the effects of perfumes upon other persons," said Mr. Maxim. "I have found that the liking for perfumes is by no means universal, and that there is a very large proportion of persons who dislike perfumes exceedingly and are rendered ill by them. I have also learned that an odor may be very pleasant and still be very poisonous."

"We are all familiar with the sweet-smelling odor of the solvent in liquid bronze used for gilding radiators and other metal work. The odor resembles bananas. Hence the common name of the solvent—banana oil. Its chemical name is amylic acetate, or acetate of amyl. Its odor is highly poisonous, and many persons who read this will remember having had a severe headache from the effects of it."

"Benzol, employed in many paint and varnish removers, has an aromatic and rather pleasant odor, but its vapors are so highly poisonous that few persons can endure them for long."

"The odor of the tuberose is very delightful to many persons, while at the same time it is exceedingly poisonous to most persons. I like the smell of the tuberose very much indeed, but one good whiff will give me a headache, and if compelled to endure the odor for a few minutes I do not recover from the effects of it for a day."

"It is well known that most perfumes not only excite but also actually inflame the lower cerebral centers, and that musk is especially potent in this respect. So powerful are the effects of certain odors that many persons get drunk on them."

"Many persons have been known to get periodically drunk on the smell of gasoline. In Germany some years ago it was found that many of the girls in a certain factory were intoxicated a good deal of the time. Investigation showed that they were in the habit of getting into big empty hogsheads which had contained naphtha in order to befuddle themselves with the vapor."

"We easily get used to the smell of illuminating gas, but immunity from the odor

does not imply also immunity from its poisonous effect."

"The odor in a room where nitroglycerin is generated is very pleasant to me. The small particles of atomized nitroglycerin and the biting aroma of mixed nitric and sulphuric acid are very pleasant to my nostrils. Nevertheless, one minute in the place would mean a most intense nitroglycerin headache. Those who have had a nitroglycerin headache alone know what it means. To those who have never had it, it cannot be described."

"Nitrobenzol smells like the oil of bitter almonds, and it is a pleasant smell—so pleasant, in fact, that it is largely employed to mask the unpleasant odors of various compounds. But the vapor of nitrobenzol is very poisonous."

"Prussic acid, the most poisonous substance known, also has the same pleasant odor of bitter almonds. One strong whiff of prussic acid means instant death."

Championship Baseball Series Receipts \$490,853.

The attendance and receipts for the world's series this year established new records. Nearly \$500,000 was divided among the owners of the Boston and New York clubs, the players, and the National Commission. The total amount taken in at the gates was \$490,853, contributed by 252,037 persons. These figures surpass by many thousands the most sanguine expectations of the club owners and National Commission. The series last year between the Giants and the Athletics ended in six games, when the attendance was 179,851, and the receipts \$342,364.50.

According to the division of receipts as announced by the National Commission, 10 per cent of the gross receipts are set apart for the National Commission, 60 per cent of the net receipts of the first four games went to the players. This amount is subdivided, 60 per cent going to the winning club and 40 to the losing. The remainder of the money is equally divided between the owners of the two clubs.

Snodgrass' muff of Engle's fly cost each New York player \$1,283, as this was the difference between the winners' and the losers' end of the players' purse. The players' share for the first four games only was \$147,571.70. Of this amount each of the twenty-two Red Sox players receives \$4,024.68, while twenty-three New York players each receive \$2,566.46. The National Commission receives \$49,083.60 for its services, which will more than cover the cost of running the commission until next year's series.

The series represented a small fortune for the owners of the two clubs. After deducting the National Commission's and players' shares \$294,238.20 remained for the clubs. This represented \$147,119 for each club, or more money than was taken in by some of the major-league clubs for the entire season of 134 games, and was more than sufficient to pay the club salaries and ground expenses for the year.

Lose Life Trying to Save Dollar Bill.

Emery Hines, a traveling man, from Dallas, Tex., met his death in a fire which destroyed the Commercial Hotel at Lewisville, Tex., and for a time threatened the town. Hines fled with the other guests; but, recalling that he had a dollar bill in a purse which he had left under his pillow,

he dashed back into the blazing building and to his room. His charred body has been found in the ruins, one of the hands clutching at the bed.

Calls Off Thanksgiving.

The Reverend J. Henry White, of St. Augustine's Church, South Croyden, England, called off the usual Thanksgiving harvest festival on the ground that the harvest was too poor to be thankful for.

Doctor Peters Thinks Revolution Will Come Unless Living Cost is Lowered.

Doctor Madison C. Peters spoke recently on "The High Cost of Living and How to Reduce It."

Doctor Peters said the paramount issue before the American people to-day is "how can we get wholesome foods at reasonable prices." With millions of our fellow men on the starvation line in the land of plenty, with a death rate in the United States 60 per cent larger than in Australia, with the greatest rate of increasing among suicides and insane in the civilized world, due to the high cost of living, there certainly cannot be a more pressing problem for solution. The French Revolution was brought on through high cost of living, and the King of England lost his head through illegal taxes. We in America to-day are heading toward a revolution, and few people are doing anything to prevent it. Edmund Burke was wont to say: "Early and provident fear is the mother of safety."

Doctor Peters said the living is high in America in the first place because we do not produce enough foodstuffs. Agriculture should grow as rapidly as our population, but during the last decade, while our population increased 21 per cent, our farmland increased 5 per cent. The production of food products should increase as rapidly as our population. During the last decade, while our population increased 21 per cent the acreage devoted to the production of cereals increased 7 per cent, while the production of cereals increased but 2 per cent. Ten per cent of our population lives in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, 25 per cent of our population lives in cities with 100,000 or more. Thirteen years ago the towns and cities had but 30 per cent of our population, to-day 55 per cent of our people live in the cities and towns. The trouble is that we have too many consumers and not enough producers, and if this ever-increasing drift of population to the cities cannot be turned back, the day will soon come when we shall have 300,000,000 of people in the United States, three-fourths of whom will be in our towns and cities; then we shall face both a famine and a revolution. Surely a condition would then confront us which, to say the least, would weaken the fabric of our government, endanger our free institutions, and make thoughtful men shudder for the future of the republic.

"Less than half of our total land area is improved, while three-fourths of our land area is uninhabited and unproductive. This country will never prosper unless agriculture prospers. Agriculture is a base industry. Doctor Peters advocated national aid to agriculture and declared that we must get the people back to the soil, and the only way to cut food costs to aid the farmers. We must adopt the European credit system for the farmers. Easy loans are the real need of the American farmer

to-day. Doctor Peters wants Federal and State land-mortgage banks created so that an adequate financial system may aid the farmers of this country, and develop our agricultural resources.

The 12,000,000 farmers of the United States add about \$9,000,000,000 every year to the wealth of the nation. They are doing this on a borrowed capital of \$6,000,000,000, upon which they pay annual interest charges of \$510,000,000. Counting commissions and renewal charges, the interest paid by the farmers of this country is $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, as compared to a rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent paid by the farmers of France and Germany.

Doctor Peters said not only must we get the people back to the soil so that the millions of acres within 200 miles of New York, which are now lying idle may be cultivated, but we must educate the men already on the soil how to farm.

Foreign farmers should make us blush. We used to talk about feeding the world; now we do not feed ourselves. All last winter we got our onions from Egypt, in the spring from Bermuda, and even now we are eating Spanish onions, upon which we pay a tariff of 25 per cent ad valorem.

There is no excuse for the incompetence which statistics prove the American farmer is guilty of. Take potatoes, for instance. Germany, from 1900 to 1910 produced an average an acre of 200 bushels; the United Kingdom, 193; Austria, 151; France, 133; Hungary, 118; Russia, 99, and the United States, 92. Even poor Russia beats us on potatoes seven bushels to the acre. Or take wheat. The United Kingdom raises 33 bushels to the acre; Germany, 28; France, 20; Austria, 18; Hungary, 17, and the United States, 14. In 1910 we had 50,000,000 acres in wheat and we produced 695,000,000 bushels. If we had succeeded in splitting the difference between Germany, with 28 bushels an acre, and the United Kingdom, with 33 bushels, we should have had a crop of more than twice what we did raise. If American farmers would raise food crops as their brethren in other lands are producing, we would not have to pay as much as we do for those crops.

Uhlan Sets Record to Pole.

Uhlan and Lewis Forest, both owned by C. K. G. Billings, clipped four and one-half seconds off the mile record for a pair of trotters to a pole at Lexington, Ky., when they made the distance in 2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$. Both horses worked like a machine, and it was evident after the first quarter that a new record would be hung up. Uhlan holds a record of 1:58.

Another sensation was furnished when Hester G, a yearling filly by Silent Brook, established a world's trotting record of 2:21 $\frac{3}{4}$ for fillies of her age. Margaret Parrish also reduced $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second the season's record of 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$ (her own), for 4-year-old trotting mares.

Panama Military Posts Named After Distinguished Americans.

In furtherance of the policy of the war department to name military posts in the Panama Canal Zone for distinguished American soldiers, announcement is made of the following designations of seacoast batteries in the canal territory:

Battery Carr in honor of the late General Joseph Bradford Carr, U. S. V., and Battery Prince in honor of the late General

Henry Prince, U. S. V., both on the Fort Grant Military Reservation.

Battery Zalinski in honor of the late Major Edmund L. Zalinski, U. S. A., on the Fort Randolph Military Reservation.

Battery Baird in honor of the late General Absalom Baird, U. S. A., on the Fort Sherman Reservation.

Had Counterfeit Plant in Jail.

After worrying for months over the increasing amount of counterfeit coin in circulation, the police have traced it to Tourah prison, at Cairo, Ill. In an obscure corner was found a complete plant, and several of the inmates were discovered to be "coniackers" of international reputation. It is believed a number of the prison officials are implicated.

Says Forestry is a Field of Opportunity.

"Conservation, especially as applied to forestry, is the greatest internal problem before the country to-day. The study of conserving our greatest of natural assets, the forests of the country, is one which has grown to such an extent in the last decade that it is now considered as firmly established a profession as law, medicine, engineering, or any other scientific study," says Chief Forester Henry S. Graves, successor to Gifford Pinchot. Graves is enthusiastic over the development of forestry in recent years and attributes this activity to the inauguration of forest management on the national forests and increased interest by the various State universities and private owners of timberlands. This increase has resulted in a marked demand for trained foresters, he says, and as yet not a sufficient number of young men have realized the importance of this study and the advantages it offers.

In speaking of the profession of forestry, Forester Graves points out that when active work began in this country there were no forestry schools on this side of the Atlantic, and those entering upon the work were obliged to go to Europe for technical training. It was not until 1897, when Doctor Schenck, of Biltmore, N. C., opened the first private school in connection with his work on the Vanderbilt estate that instructions in forestry were obtainable in this country. The first professional school was established at Cornell University in 1898, and was followed in 1900 by the Yale Forest School. Since that time instruction in forestry has been introduced in a large number of institutions. To-day there are twenty-two schools and universities which give courses leading to a degree in forestry, and about forty others which include forestry in their curricula. There are now probably 1,000 young men studying in the forest schools.

"Hundreds of young men are considering forestry as a life vocation, and are eager to be informed regarding the character of work involved, the elements necessary for success, and the present and probable future opportunities," says Forester Graves. "Although forestry is now recognized as a profession, perhaps a majority of the public still have only a vague idea as to the kind of life a forester really leads.

"Any one who plans to take up forestry should realize at the outset that his work is to be principally in the woods, often under trying conditions. The young forester is also likely to have his headquarters shifted frequently from place to place, so that he

may be unable for some time to establish a home. In the aggregate, he will usually spend from 40 to 50 per cent of his time in the field. To any one who enjoys this sort of life the profession is fascinating; to one who does not, the work soon becomes monotonous and even positively disagreeable.

"The first requisites for the successful forester are that he have a liking for the sort of life which he will have to lead, and that he possess the health and constitution to stand it. The forester's work is physically exacting. It must be understood, however, that the profession is one which also requires brains, and brains of a high order, and the successful forester must have to a large degree the qualities of foresight and broad-mindedness. Another important requisite is the spirit of public service. Every forester is doing a work which directly benefits the public."

That a large field for the work of foresters still remains open is seen from figures by the Federal forest service, which estimates that 190,000,000 acres of timberlands, chiefly in the mountains of the West, are embraced in the national forest alone. So far the United States government has been the principal employer of foresters, carrying on the roll probably 60 per cent of the trained foresters at this time. More than 95 per cent have at one time or another been in the government service.

That the Federal government offers some of the best opportunities for graduates in either the foresters or rangers course, is evident from the salaries paid some of its officials employed in the forestry bureau, at Washington. With the exception of the forester and associate forester, the salaries of the higher officials in administrative and investigative work vary from \$2,000 to \$3,750 per annum. The salaries of supervisors range from \$1,400 to \$2,700; of deputy supervisors from \$1,400 to \$1,700. Forester examiners are paid from \$1,600 to \$2,000, while rangers get from \$900 to \$1,500 a year.

The forest service now employs between three and four thousand men. Until 1911 practically every person who passed the civil-service examination for forest assistant was taken on the force. There is now, however, a complete administration organization, with a specified number of positions, and the future growth of the service will necessarily be much slower. For replacement in the ranks of forest assistant, however, some twenty new men will probably be required each year.

Prisoner Killed While Making Brake for Freedom.

William Barnegraff, who was returned recently to prison at Columbus, Ohio, after escaping from the penitentiary by crawling through a sewer, was shot and killed while attempting to escape over the wall.

He was serving a life sentence for murder.

To Give Naval Men Wider Experience.

In order to give young navy officers a greater variety of experience in their earlier years and to throw them more on their own resources, the navy department has adopted a new system in detailing officers to the gunboats and smaller vessels. In the future the period of duty for gunboat officers, except the commander, will be only one year, so that a greater number of them may have the advantages of training on vessels where

their individual responsibilities and range of duties are greater. The department believes that the smaller vessels are excellent training schools. Another advantage of this policy, it is believed, is that it will make duty on gunboats and small cruisers more popular, involving only short separation from the fleet, the officers at the end of their year being ordered to battleships and armored cruisers. It is said the same policy, probably slightly modified, will be applied to duty aboard destroyers.

Says Steel Cars Have Their Faults.

President Mellen, of the New Haven Railroad, declared in a statement made recently that steel cars are not an unmixed blessing. He said:

"The policy of the road is no different from that pursued by the Pennsylvania, New York Central, and other large railroad systems. They all have to secure and control a business sufficient to support them or they would not be the efficient transportation agencies they now are. The steel car is hot in summer and cold in winter, and uncomfortable to a degree; and introduces troubles and trials of its own, which are still unsolved, scarcely less than those from which we changed. It does lessen the risk from fire, but cannot wholly eliminate it."

Use Alfalfa as Tobacco.

Alfalfa hay has long been valued as forage, but a new use has been found for it. Farmers shipped five carloads to Lynchburg, Va., recently, to be mixed with tobacco leaves and made into Virginia plug and smoking tobacco.

It is said that for years tobacco manufacturers have been trying to find something to mix with tobacco which will not injure the flavor of "the weed," and that in northern Colorado alfalfa they have found just the thing.

The alfalfa gives an aromatic flavor to the smoke and has the additional characteristic of counteracting the odor of tobacco, so that one may indulge his appetite without having the slightest suspicion of it on the breath.

Says Operation is the Only Cure for Cancer.

Doctor E. F. Bashford, director of the London imperial cancer research fund, and the foremost English authority on cancer, declared in an address before the American Pathological Society, in New York, recently, that "practically all the so-called cures of cancer announced within the last few years are worthless." He added that the only means of saving or prolonging life in case of cancer is by operation.

"Cancer kills one man in every seven." "In one hundred families of six members each, equally divided between the sexes, about sixty-four, or more than ten per cent, will die of cancer. It is an important cause of death from thirty-five years on, getting rapidly more so as age increases. Cancer is now becoming more frequent in young persons."

Negro Survives Operation of Having Stitches Taken in His Heart.

John Thompson, a negro, has just left the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, well and strong, after surviving the operation of having stitches taken in his heart.

Thompson was stabbed in a quarrel in a saloon. The hospital doctors had little

hope of saving his life. He was operated on within two hours, and the wound in his heart was sewed up without delay. Not only did he live through the operation, but he began immediately to improve, and he declares he is as well and strong as he was before the operation.

Pennsylvania Railroad Orders 4,000 Cars.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has placed with the Pressed Steel Car Company an order for 4,000 freight cars for immediate delivery. The contract involves \$4,000,000, and it will require six months to complete the work.

Since June 1 the Pennsylvania Railroad has placed orders for 10,000 cars with various companies. This was done to combat the car shortage that is handicapping the railroads. Since the first of the year 18,000 freight cars have been ordered by the Pennsylvania, and more than \$20,000,000 has been spent for equipment.

All the other big railway systems are likewise busy in the purchase of cars and general equipment, made necessary by the present industrial boom.

Nineteen Men Blinded While Watching Electrical Welders.

Nineteen persons were stricken blind as a result of gazing at a light caused by workmen welding, with an electrical process, a trolley wire at Anderson, Ind. Blindness did not strike some who saw the light until several hours later.

John Hagel, of Hamilton, Ohio, was playing cards when he pushed his chair back, and exclaimed:

"I'm going blind."

He was assisted to the home of his mother, and has not regained his sight.

Doctor E. W. Chietenden, a local eye specialist, gave as his theory that the peculiar ray of light given by the welding process caused the quick development of bacteria, already lodged in the eye, and blindness resulted.

Drowned by Sounding Lead.

The body of an unidentified man was picked up opposite Pier 51, North River, New York, by Sergeant O'Connor, of Harbor Squad A.

The man had a ship's sounding lead, weighing about twenty-five pounds, tied around his neck by a wire rope, and there was a gash three inches long in the back of his head. Coroner Feinberg said that the body had been in the water a very long time. It was impossible to tell whether the gash had been made before or after the man had jumped or been thrown into the river.

The man was presumably a longshoreman. He appeared to be about 35 years old and to have weighed 185 pounds.

Policeman Tears Blazing Fuse from Bomb About to Explode.

Going his rounds in First Avenue, New York, one morning recently, Patrolman Lingfield, of the Fifth Street Station, was trying the doorway of the double store on the first floor of No. 190 when he saw a small package leaning against the door. He prodded it quite casually with his nightstick. It spluttered. He could see a fuse, and the fuse was lighted.

Suppressing a sudden desire to run all the way to the North River, Lingfield seized the package, wrenched away the fuse, lis-

tened to it intently, and then caught it in triumph to the station. That day, Inspector Egan, of the office of combustibles, the man who was injured in inspecting the bomb, Judge Rosalsky last winter, visited the station and examined the policeman. It was a piece of dynamite in a cap with a percussion cap. There was dynamite to have done harm to the man if Lingfield had not torn out the door against which he found the entrance to the jewelry store of Samuel Moravenatena and the milliner of Madame Emilia, his wife. Both the police that they had never received threatening letters, but now it is the East Side to send a preliminary to give point to the first demand for

Found Starving in Box Car, Boys Rescued.

Two boys were found starving in a box car at Prison Point, near Boston, had been locked up three nights with no water and only a few crumbs for food.

Henry Lee and Jessie Bolinger, from the Good-will Farm School, Weymouth, Me. They had no money, and tramping country roads stole apples as their pockets would carry them. They hid among cotton bolls in a freight car at North Monmouth, N. J.

Soon after a shifter came along, the car, locked and sealed, was made up for a train. At that time they were asleep. The car containing the runaways came to a stop and was shunted to a track at Prison Point yards.

Trainmen heard weak cries coming from the car. With Patrolman Jeremiah J. Ley, of Charlestown, they opened the door and found the boys crying. They were scarcely able to walk. At a nearby receiving depot they drank eagerly of munched crackers.

At station 15 they had a bath, a square meal and then went to sleep in a cell. They were turned over to the board of charity and sent back to their parents. Both boys are 14 years old, and their parents live in Detroit.

United States Trooper Killed by Lightning.

Trooper Saddler, of the Fourth United States Cavalry, was struck by lightning while riding near Fort Huachuca, Ariz. Eight cartridges in his belt exploded. His horse also was killed.

Plan National Naval Reserve.

Desiring to keep alive the memories of old associations of pleasures and hardships, the navy department has begun work preparatory to the formation of a national naval reserve, of which discharged men will form a large part.

The department is attempting to get in touch with all former navy men, wherever they are, and is making every effort to get names and addresses of the men whom it desires to build its reserve.

Heretofore the branches of the reserve have been limited largely to volunteer men who never have seen actual service, but the new effort is to have the sea fighters banded together in one organization that will have the advantage of the skill of trained naval fighters, as the association engendered by their experiences.

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BUFFALO BILL STORIES

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY

BEAUTIFUL COLORED COVERS

There is no need of our telling American readers how interesting the stories of the adventures of Buffalo Bill, as scout and plainsman, really are. These stories have been read exclusively in this weekly for many years, and are voted to be masterpieces dealing with Western adventure.

Buffalo Bill is more popular to-day than he ever was, and, consequently, everybody ought to know all there is to know about him. In no manner can you become so thoroughly acquainted with the actual habits and life of this great man, as by reading the BUFFALO BILL STORIES.

We give herewith a list of all of the back numbers in print. You can have your news-dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage-stamps.

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390—Buffalo	Bill and the Yelping Crew...	5	469—Buffalo	Bill and the Hatchet Boys...	5	550—Buffalo	Bill and the Sorceress.....	5
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